

## The Command Quarters

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## The Command Quarters

by [Spoon888](#)

### Summary

A sin bin collection of Megatron/Starscream focused one-shots and drabbles.

Inspired by tumblr prompts and requests. Updated daily.

### Notes

For Anon, who wanted love bites that meant a little more.

## Love Bites

It wasn't that Megatron preferred for his berth partners to be compliant, sedate, submissive; quite the opposite in fact. He enjoyed Starscream's vigorous reciprocity, how often he tried to steal the control of the moment back, no matter that Megatron was bigger, stronger, dominant in the act.

But the biting was starting to get odd.

They had started as little nips, to his thumb, sometimes the edge of helmet, on occasion the insides of his thighs. A barely there pressure from sharp denta that was enough of a pleasant tingle Megatron would purr and kiss him all the fiercer. Starscream would sigh dreamily and settle once again, his brief foray into vampirism forgotten.

Then their frequency grew, and the intent behind them shifted from playful and teasing to something more determined, Starscream sinking his denta into his neck cables and *pulling* and growling like he was trying to make a point, or perhaps taking revenge for some sort of disagreement Megatron couldn't even remember them having.

He didn't at all mind the roughness. Whatever Starscream's reasoning, it took more than a seeker's denta to distract him from the task at hand- particularly when that task was Starscream himself, and he was always so very glorious sprawled across the berth, optics hooded, lips glistening with energon from Megatron's bleeding wounds.

No, the problem came from the lasting evidence of Starscream's *fangs*.

He turned his helm and stretched out the length of his neck, peering at the abused, crumpled cables in his reflection in the viewport. He lifted a servo to them. They didn't hurt, and the bites were only more visible as Starscream's mouth had moved from his neck to his shoulder.

His armour was thick, so it went to show just how much force that damnable seeker had been using, half crescent dents went from clavicle to shoulder, unmistakeable in what they were to anyone mech with half a processor.

In Tarn, to mark a mech's armour was to assert dominance over them. Non-fatal fights in the pit often ended with the victor scoring their fallen opponent with their weapon, a slash across the cheek, a sign that they'd been bettered, that they'd failed.

Megatron scowled at the bites across his neck and shoulder, wondering if this was another of Starscream's attempts at undermining him.

That was the most likely reasoning. He couldn't walk past a trine of seekers in this blasted base without them all dissolving into snickers and scurrying off like a pack of adolescents.

He touched the largest bite so far, the one Starscream had sunk into him just last night, on his jaw this time, more visible than any of the others. Megatron could see the indent of every individual denta. That would need to be cosmetically removed, or else the Autobots were going to think he was letting a pet scraplet gnaw on him...

He gave the mark one last exasperated rub, then stepped out for the cycle, walking with proud determined strides to the command centre, helm held high-

-The perfect angle for vertically challenged seekers to gawk at his latest bite.

It was Dirge wheezing like he was being asphyxiated that caught Megatron's attention when he passed the Coneheads. He snapped his helm towards them, long run out of patience for their childish antics, and in doing so gave the curious pack a better view.

Ramjet's optics nearly blew out of him helm.

"*Sir*." He said suddenly and loudly, then jumped as though surprised he'd even spoken. Thrust was too busy shaking Dirge's shoulder to say anything, a stupidly comical grin on his face.

Dirge was purple in the face, and apparently not breathing properly.

"Pull yourself together." Megatron thundered, pointing between all three of them, then focusing in on Thrust. "Something *amusing*?"

Thrust suddenly paled, his smile slipping away as he sobered up. He tried to slink behind Ramjet, whose optics were bouncing between Megatron's jaw and neck and shoulder, and the floor at lightning speed. "Nothing, nothing, sir, lord Megatron, nothing-"

Megatron's optics narrowed. "You think it's wise to mock me?"

"Mock!" Thrust squeaked behind Ramjet, "We weren't mocking, we'd never mock, not you sir, we just-"

He looked to his trine-leader, his trine-leader looked to Megatron's mangled neck.

"We didn't know you and Scream- commander Scream- I mean-!"

"We hadn't realised it was so serious between yourself and the commander, sir." Dirge filled in for them, voice quiet and hoarse. "The commander, Starscream, we didn't think he was the type-"

Megatron was so utterly confused he forgot he was supposed to be angry. "What are you blathering about?"

"Your-" Ramjet gestured vaguely to his Starscream inflicted damage, "it's..."

He appeared to struggle, at which point Thrust nervously began to turn around, presenting Megatron with his back and wings. He thumbed back to them. "See?"

Megatron blinked. He'd never noticed before (having had little inclination to leer at wings not belonging to Starscream) but the upper edges of Thrust's wings were marred by crescent shaped rows of dents, unmistakably bites.

Seeing the confusion on his face, Ramjet and Dirge followed suit, and their wings looked much the same.

"You bite each other..." He said numbly.

"It's a... like a courtship ritual." Ramjet turned back around, still wringing his digits together, but no longer so obviously nervous. "Or... It's more like the courtship's already taken place. It's a pleasant sensation on the wings, but since you don't really have any Screamer's obviously doing some trial and error-"

He gestured to the constellation of damage on Megatron's armour.

Megatron thought he understood. This was yet another secretive 'seeker-thing'.

"So it's a mark of ownership?"

Dirge started giggling again.

"Eh, no," Thrust was fighting back a smile. "It's more like a 'I love you' thing."

Oh, Megatron blinked. Well, that changed a lot.

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Starscream pressed the chime for Megatron's quarters, waiting to be granted entry.

He wondered what awaited him inside. If Megatron would even let him in.

Starscream could tell he'd taken exception last night to what he'd done to Megatron's jaw. He knew the old warlord wasn't a seeker, and he couldn't expect him to understand, but he just got carried away so easily with him, and base instinct overwhelmed him.

It was so much easier to just *bite* than try and muddle through words.

To his surprise the door swung open fairly quickly, and rather than stepping aside to let him enter, Megatron reached out with one big arm and swept him in. The door slipped shut and then Starscream was against it, two huge servos on either side of his helm, and a pair of lips on his.

There was pressure and he opened his mouth, let Megatron kiss him smoothly and carefully, humming happily when Megatron's glossa swept across his bottom lip. He couldn't help nipping at it.

Megatron's engines rumbled.

Starscream opened his optics, an awkward apology in the tip of his glossa. But a servo tipped his helm to the side and Megatron moved in, his big head passing his shoulder vent and going straight for his wing.

A hot mouth closed over the edge and then with a snarl, sharp glorious pain shot through the appendage when Megatron bit him, *really* bit him, long and hard and growling. Starscream's knees felt weak. His wing tried to flick with pleasure but Megatron's mouth kept it in place.

He whined, pawing at Megatron's shoulders.

Slowly the pressure subsided and Megatron drew away, pausing long enough to lick at the mark he'd left on the dented wing and soothe it's dull ache. Starscream turned him helm, spark thumping, digits tingling. Megatron's softened optics met his.

Starscream quickly nipped at his chin.

Megatron huffed out a laugh.

"Ditto." He purred, then swept in to bite him again.

This time Starscream's legs did give out. But Megatron was there to hold him up.

# Drunk Sex

## Chapter Notes

A request from lmskittyblog based on the G1 episode 'Micronauts'- which, in case you can't recall, is when the Decepticons got drunk off their asses

"-good ole'- Cyber-tron," Megatron was still mumbling drunkenly as Starscream kissed him, his optics bright and unfocused. Starscream grabbed his helm, perhaps a little roughly in his poor coordination, and kissed him, glossa thrusting past surprised lips.

"Hnn," grunted Megatron, kissing back clumsily. He grabbed handfuls of Starscream's aft and massaged it with relish.

Starscream pulled back with a gasp and sigh, every touch lighting his sensory net on fire. He pushed into Megatron's fumbling touches with a silly grin.

"Such a- *hick!*- a passionate or-orat-ort- uhh, *speaker*, Megatron," Starscream rambled airily, resting his cheek against Megatron's, swaying unsteadily in his lap. "What else are you- you passionate about?"

Megatron's response time had either slowed by a whole five seconds or he was just too distracted by the shape and fell of Starscream's aft in his servos to respond. He hummed after a moment, blinking as though he'd only just heard Starscream.

"War, Starscream!" He proclaimed boisterously, "and justice-"

"And seekers?" Starscream fed him, stroking him and wriggling playfully in his lap. "And me?"

Megatron grunted.

Good enough, thought Starscream's energon drenched processor. He kissed Megatron again, fiercely, tasting the zing of overcharge on his glossa and feeling the strength running through Megatron's empowered arms when they tightened around him.

Warmth fluttered through his frame, sped onwards by his loss of inhibitions. He let his panel snick open without prompting, grinding himself into Megatron's lap.

He heard a response from Megatron in the form of cooling fans juddering online with a stutter, then puffing hot air from his leader's vents.

"All but in *public*?" Megatron's blearily, drunken demeanour almost sobered. He eyed the unconscious Decepticons behind them, "Starscream..."

"Megatron," he breathed back, reaching between them for Megatron's panels.

Megatron was, miraculously, quick to harden. Starscream preened when a spike filled his servo, his mouth watering. His glossa was looser than his sense of decorum and he thrilled excitedly, "You're so big."

Megatron huffed, sounding amused, "About- it's about time you appre-shated me." He slurred.

Starscream rose onto his knees and held Megatron in place. He was proportionate, rather than large, but it didn't feel like it when he began to sink down, the tip of Megatron's spike slipping between the folds of his valve and opening him up, inch by inch.

His optics rolled into the back of his helm, mouth hanging open drunkenly. "Yeah-"

"Hmm," Megatron agreed drowsily, watching himself disappear into his second, twitching upwards at the occasional clench of Starscream's greedy callipers.

Once he was all the way in, spike throbbing with charge and spreading a deep ache of want through Starscream's entire frame, he took him by the hips and began to lift, rock, grind Starscream down onto his stiff length. Starscream arched his back and panted shamelessly, wantonly, mouth wide open and vocaliser bursting with noise, void of control.

With their overcharge neither of them lasted long. Starscream didn't bother to belay his mounting overload, chasing it as he rode Megatron's spike, grabbing his helm and pushing it against his chest, clawing at the back of his helmet as Megatron huffed loud and gruff. The angle and friction against his node was so perfect, so what he needed, that he didn't stop until his optics fizzled with the throbbing pleasure of it.

He began to slump as the last vestiges of overcharge dwindled away, but Megatron continued to move him, his movements sporadic and driven now. Starscream felt helpless and undone, his soft valve was being racked through by the ridges of Megatron's spike as he was made to bounce, every sensor achingly oversensitive.

"Oh, Megatron, Megatron," he whined like a glitching piece of shareware stuck on a repetitive loop, helm thrown back to look skywards. "Megatron-"

Where Megatron would usually grit his denta and muffle his moans, he threw his helm back with a loud, undone shout of pleasure. Starscream bounced weakly, listening to the wet slick noise of Megatron's spike continuing to pump into him as it shot its load, liberally coating his internals and making a mess. Megatron continued for as long as he could, faltering only as his spike finally began to soften.

"Ugh," he groaned, swaying unbalanced.

Starscream kissed him messily, and through his drunken haze the world tipped and shrank. He felt gravity shift, and it wasn't until Megatron snored loudly that he realised they fallen over together.

And in the next moment he was asleep too.

---

Someone was stroking his back.

With his booming helm-ache and a disgusting taste in his mouth, Starscream was less than receptive too it. He threw out an arm with a snarl, but the presence at his back pressed closer. Big, warm, *overbearing-*

"Megatron." He mumbled, trying to wiggle away. "Go away, great brute..."

"That's not what you were saying last night."

Starscream groaned aloud, blindly searching for a pillow and dragging it over his face. He felt lips on his wing, denta nibbling, teasing. "Don't-"

"*Oh Megatron*," Megatron began to mock, imitating his falsetto poorly. "*Oh, Megatron yes.*"

"I don't talk like that!" Starscream tore the pillow away, glaring at Megatron's tired, drawn, but amused face. "And what about *you*, ranting about Cybertron?!"

"You seemed rather taken with it. Enough to throw yourself at me?"

"I did not."

"You did."

Starscream hit him with the pillow. "You were so drunk I was surprised you could even get it up."

"Oh, I think I was more than satisfactory in my performance." He purred, mouth teasing Starscream's shoulder vent.

Starscream glared at the ceiling, feeling nauseous, not because of Megatron (well, only a little because of Megatron) but because of the residual overcharge from last nights indulgence. He swallowed thickly.

"I know you like morning-after sessions but I'm going to purge if you breathe on me again." He warned.

Megatron drew back with an abrupt movement, "Not in my berth you're not."

"You dragged me back here."

"Should have left you sprawled and exposed on the ground outside then." Megatron huffed.

Starscream shuttered his optics and reached out to touch his face. He could feel Megatron's pronounced scowl. He dragged his fingers down it, shushing him. "Later." He promised. "Go find me some sensory blockers."

There was silence, and then a long sigh. "Alright."

Lips brushed the side of his helm and the berth shifted as Megatron rose.

"I said don't breathe on me." Starscream reminded him.

He heard Megatron call him a *very* rude word indeed as he stomped out the door.

# Starscream In Heat

## Chapter Notes

For another anon, who wanted a needy heat-addled Starscream. I added a little bonus at the end.

And this time it's TFA!

It had been a fair few days since Starscream had last blasted through the cave ceiling, screaming, shooting, and trying to kill him, so Megatron could only assume he was planning something with at least a smidgen of tact this time.

Megatron preferred to deal with these sorts of problems on *his* terms, so rather than waiting for Starscream to appear from behind a building or tree with some sort of deadly super weapon, Megatron went out in search of him instead.

Which found him here, in a deserted construction site, wondering what it was that smelt so sweet, and why his cooling fans were trying to click online.

He'd detected Starscream's energy signature in the skeletal building frame ahead of him. It was dark, the exposed iron beams covered in tarps and weatherproofing to make up for the lack of walls and ceiling. Megatron would need his wits about him. It could always be a trap.

And with Starscream it always *was* a trap.

Deep within the building there came a whine, like an animal in pain.

Or a melodramatic seeker.

"Come now, Starscream," he called into the empty structure, stepping carefully, listening. "There's no need to be frightened. What, with your gift for immortality, what harm could I possibly bring to you?"

From the left; there was shuffling, scratching metal, a low groan. Megatron made a beeline for it, moving quickly before Starscream could get away. He tore a long sheet of tarp away to reveal-

Starscream. In a terrible state.

He was on his knees, his forehead against the floor, aft in the air, heat visibly wafting off his frame. Megatron veered back as the intoxicating scent hit him. Ah, so *that* was the smell. His fuel pump picked up, a natural response to being in such close proximity to a mech in late heat.

Starscream peered up at him, and his optics were wet with tears, his face flushed bright. He must have been suffering this for a while now. His thighs were drenched in lubricant, his hand shoved between them shamelessly.

"Megatron?" He whispered, squinting like he didn't recognise him.

It tugged on Megatron's black hole of a spark.



"You've gotten yourself into quite a state." He commented.

Starscream's breath hitched with an aborted sob. His optics shuttered.

It *yanked* on Megatron's spark.

Stupid blasted seeker.

With a great sigh, he dropped to a knee, nudging Starscream's hip. "Alright," he said, angry at himself for letting Starscream draw him back in again, like this. Clever, manipulative little brat. Even if this was something beyond his control. "Let's see. Roll over."

Starscream made a miserable sound and began to push himself up shakily. Convulsions wracked his body, and it was a struggle- or he made it look so.

Megatron's sympathy was somewhat waylaid by the sight of his heat riddled frame though. His wings kept flicking, optics dim and hooded, cheeks flushed prettily. And he was so wet. When was the last time Megatron had seen Starscream like this? Years? He couldn't remember.

He prised Starscream's servo from between his legs, and the digits revealed were sticky with rich, thick fertile lubricant. Definitely not faking then. Megatron took a look at his valve next, nudging a shaking thigh out of the way. Pink, swollen, clenching in anticipation.

Very unlikely to be faked.

Megatron inhaled slowly, deeply, savouring the smell as he rubbed a thumb along the soft supple outer mesh of Starscream's valve. Starscream's shuddering frame began to relax and settle.

"Better?" Megatron asked, slipping his thumb inside, relishing the unbelievable heat of Starscream's internals.

Starscream nodded, blinking up at him worshipfully. His thighs spread open without encouragement this time. He presented himself like that, back arching.

Megatron popped the panel for his spike. He'd known as soon as he'd seen Starscream that he was going to frag him. There was little point dancing around it now, not when the seeker had already waited so long.

"Please," he was whining, optics darting between Megatron's pressurising spike and his face. He wriggled his aft. "Please, please.."

Megatron hushed him, climbing over him and settling between his thighs. Starscream whined at his weight but squirmed excitedly, enjoying it. Megatron buried his nose into his neck, inhaling and feeling another wave of arousal sweep through him.

Starscream was a very attractive mech, and with such large chest, was very suitable for carrying young. The intensity of his heat cycle said enough. He was in prime condition to bear sparklings, and Megatron wondered, as he slipped inside him with a sigh, if perhaps carrying could mellow this homicidal traitor into a more obedient seeker.

Starscream stiffened and jumped when Megatron bottomed out in his valve, his claws scratching at Megatron's back. Megatron purred, taking his time, enjoying the slick easy slide of his spike through supple mesh. The smell and sound of Starscream was intoxicating- the squelch of his spike in his valve when he hitched forward quickly, and the squeak of surprise it drew from the seeker.

It was all very perfect.

Starscream overloaded quickly on his spike, and then his soft noises of pleasure grew in volume, to mewls and cries and long drawn out moans. Megatron watched him writhe and squirm until he couldn't anymore.

He overloaded deep into Starscream's internals, pinning him down and jabbing forwards until the very last twitch.

Starscream's thighs squeezed around his hips and he purred, satisfied. He was still so warm and wet and compliant with his heat though, a rare occasion indeed with such a screechy menace. Megatron felt his spike stiffen and fill again, until it was large and hard inside Starscream, and the seeker's happy purrs changed back to whines.

He started all over again, this time seeing no need to ease the seeker into it.

Whether it was the treatment at his hands or the heat itself, but by the end of it all Megatron had to carry him out.

With Starscream sighing in his arms and nuzzling into his neck, he didn't mind too much.

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"-four, five!" Blitzwing finished counting the blurry shapes on the gestational scan excitedly. "Five sparklings, Lord Megatron! Very vell done!"

Megatron studied the image with his arms crossed, expression unchanging, and nodded acceptingly. "Excellent." He decided, and glanced at the miserable seeker on the desk behind him, heavy and filled out with those five sparklings and not at all happy about it.

"I hate you," he hissed.

Megatron stroked his cheek, ignoring how Starscream childishly tried to bat him away. "You're lucky it's only five. You had an intense cycle." He reminded him.

Starscream continued to scowl.

Megatron tried not to look so pleased. Who knew the solution to his Starscream-problem could have been filling him with so many sparklings he could barely move, let alone attack him?

And an extra bonus; he earned five beautiful heirs out of the whole exchange.

Starscream would come around.

Eventually.

# Intercrural

## Chapter Notes

This one's from rhypurasu, who asked for Starscream having trouble with Megatron's -  
ahem- size. It's IDW ! But without the death and sadness

Once things started between the two of them it was near impossible for it to stop; a whirlwind of emotions and touches and pleasure that left Starscream hollowed out and used and so damn pleased with himself. So he wondered, as he lay on his back, legs in the air with his ankles held in Megatron's fists, what was taking so long.

He peered down, and Megatron was looking between his legs, at his valve, with a constrained expression.

"What?" He demanded impatiently.

Megatron looked up, as though surprised to remember there was a seeker attached to the valve he was leering at.

"When you reformatted," he began slowly, "You changed your... dimensions."

Oh, not *this* again. Starscream rolled his optics, sick of Megatron's complaints regarding his reformat.

"I told you, slimmer hips are all the rage now. It's flattering, and my aft was huge-"

"Your aft was perfect." Megatron glared, but before they could fall back into *that* argument, he continued. "But I was referring to your valve. It's too small."

Never before had Starscream heard someone call a valve 'too small'. That was, allegedly, the opposite of a problem. Megatron wasn't quite like other mechs though, particularly when it came to facing.

Simply because criticism from Megatron in berth *was* so uncommon, he sat up, peering down at himself. For the sake of comparison, Megatron tilted his hips forward so his swaying spike nudged at Starscream's entrance. It felt like a blunt instrument, and even to Starscream's stubbornly delusional optics, the difference *was* substantial.

"Mesh is flexible." He pointed out.

Megatron shook his helm, slowly, considerably, "Your hips joints aren't. It'll hurt."

Starscream realised he was right, of course. He was always right. He let his helm thump against the pillow with a groan of annoyance.

"I told you this reformat was a bad idea."

"No!" Starscream pushed up again to glare at him, probably looking ridiculous where Megatron was still holding his legs up and out. "You *said*, 'what am I going to grab onto now', *that's* what you

said."

"I *said*, I liked you the way you *were*."

"Yeah right," Starscream snarled, "You're always mocking me. Remember when you said my thighs were big enough to crush your helm?"

"**That**," Megatron's optics sparked, denta bared, "was a **compliment**."

"Just admit you think I'm ugly."

That was the limit for Megatron it seemed. With a gruff noise he dropped Starscream's legs and rose off the berth. Starscream's spark jumped into his throat, "Wait, I didn't-!"

"I'm not going anywhere," Megatron growled, stepping into the wash-room and rifling through the shelves noisily. He plucked something up and made his way back to the berth.

Starscream saw what it was when the light caught it. "Oil lubrication? You said I was too small?"

"It's not for your valve." Megatron explained. The berth dipped when he climbed on, one knee at a time. He popped the bottle and tipped it over Starscream's splayed legs. It was cold.

"What-?"

"Shh," Megatron began to spread it across his inner thighs, then took the excess and stroked his spike with it. "Lift your legs."

Starscream did, and Megatron took them and pressed them together.

"Clench tight," he advised, hooking Starscream's ankles over his left shoulder.

Megatron began to move between his thighs. Starscream jumped at odd sensation, then remembered to clench tightly, watching with rapt attention as the tip of Megatron's substantial spike poked out the other side, appearing briefly between his thighs before disappearing again.

Megatron grunted as he shoved his spike repeatedly through his legs, jarring Starscream's body with his forcefulness. Starscream gripped the sheets, finding himself aroused despite the lack of stimulation. The tip of Megatron's spike began to leak and he could see the bright glistening fluid amongst the sheen of lubricant now. The head appeared between his thighs, beaded with fluid.

He whined, valve throbbing.

"Megatron~" he began, sounding pathetic and not caring in the slightest.

Megatron got the hint, grip loosening, "On your knees."

Starscream obeyed gladly, pushing himself to all fours. He kept his knees together and rear end raised. He could hear the slick of Megatron's servo on his spike before that warm tip was pushing between his legs again, *this time* brushing the outer mesh of his valve.

He whined, rolling with the thrusts, letting his helm hang between his shoulders and peering down at himself, where he could still see Megatron's impressive length appear and disappear between his thighs. He took his weight on one arm and reached for the apex of his thighs, touching the damp tip of Megatron's spike every time it came through.

Megatron made a strangled noise, and that was all the warning Starscream received before he started

overloading, spike shooting directionless ropes of fluid as he moaned and twitched. Megatron spent himself between Starscream's thighs too, spreading sticky warmth over his armour before pressing forwards again and spilling the rest all over the berth sheets.

He drew back.

Starscream let his thighs relax, wincing at the ache of having kept them so tightly clenched.

Before he could righten himself again, a servo on the small of his back kept him in place, then a digit, far thicker than he remembered it ever being, slipped into his soaking valve.

"Oh!"

A few brief moments of skilful fingering later, a whole new wetness was tracking down his thighs. Megatron shook his servo out casually. Starscream heard specks of lubricant splatter the floor.

"Must you?" He complained, making a mental note to have cleaning drones sent up later.

Megatron hummed and made his way up the soiled damp berth. The sheets had cost a fortune and now they were ruined and soaked in 'essence of Megatron'. Great.

Starscream rolled gracefully onto his back, and was surprised to be greeted with a rough kiss.

"Starscream." Megatron said as he pulled out of it. He touched Starscream's cheek (with the damp servo, disgusting) and continued with a spark-felt, profound, "You're never less than beautiful, whatever frame you wear."

Starscream felt himself trill happily. He wriggled against Megatron, ready to kiss him till his vents wore out.

When he continued with,

"But I really did like your aft."

Starscream planted his servo in the centre of Megatron's face and pushed him away.

"Idiot."

# Seal Breaking

## Chapter Notes

For another anon! Sexually inexperienced Starscream losing his seals. Set early war time. Probably. I dunno. What even IS canon

It wasn't a secret Starscream considered embarrassing, because he was an adult, a mech of rank in one of the most fearsome armies in the universe, and he knew that virginity was simply a social construct, and seals little more than a protective barrier.

Still, it wasn't something he was going to announce to the ship at large. It certainly wasn't something he could trust an idiot like Skywarp with. Even when they were young he'd invented suitors to tell his trine of, fine cultured imaginary mechs he could talk about, just so he wouldn't look so obviously out of place when Skywarp got them all drunk enough to start talking about their interfacing preferences. It seemed to be all anyone cared about in the academy.

He probably hadn't done a particularly convincing job though; he could still recall Skywarp's drunk chortling now, hiccuping through a disbelieving shout of, "*You?! A spike mech?! I don't think so, Screamer!*"

Whatever Skywarp's opinions on the matter back then, Starscream knew now that he was unlikely to ever be a spike mech. Particularly when he was sat stiffly on the edge of Megatron's board, long, ridiculously oversized berth, waiting for the warlord to finish scribbling something down, and trying not to squirm.

In hindsight, this wouldn't have been so awkward if he'd just had the sense to mention to Megatron that he was untapped; perhaps this morning when he'd been invited to spend the night, or perhaps even some point in the past *month* his leader had been courting him.

"You look nervous," Megatron mentioned, glancing up from his datafile, scribbling something else then tossing the light-pen down. He rose to his full height, and Starscream could feel his fuel pump thudding through the lines of his frame. "Whatever you've heard I can promise you, I'm not a rough as they say."

Starscream felt every individual component that made up his frame *clench*. "Lovely."

Megatron arched a brow, reaching the berth and stooping to plant a kiss on him. It was a little more than usual, messier, wetter, less refined and teasing. The sort Starscream expected thirsty desperate lust driven couples to share.

The kiss finished and he released a shuddering berth.

"I want to taste you," Megatron's mouth brushed his audial. He nudged at his shoulder, "Is that alright?"

Starscream wondered for one stupid, insane moment if maybe Megatron wouldn't *notice* the seal three inches into his valve, and would just break through it unaware. Then he wouldn't have to say anything at all.

No. He gathered his sanity back together and turned away from Megatron's wandering mouth. Megatron stopped, blinking at him, brow creased with concern.

"Too much?"

Starscream shook his helm, fighting back a ridiculous blush, deciding to go with the most tactless response possible just blurt out - "I'm sealed."

"Okay." Megatron nodded.

Starscream snapped his helm towards him, wondering if he'd misheard him.

"...That's it? 'Okay'? I'm a six million year old virgin and you're not going to use that as an opportunity to ridicule me?"

Megatron tilted his helm, looking bemused. "Do you want me to ask you why?"

Starscream thought about listing all his stupid paranoid, self-conscious reasons with Megatron, and shook his helm firmly, "Obviously not."

"Do you still want to do this?" Megatron continued.

Starscream felt confused. Of course he wanted to frag Megatron, he wouldn't be here if he didn't want that. But surely this new information should have warranted more than a mere 'okay'. He'd gone through six million years of celibacy and that wasn't a big deal? He wasn't a prude? He wasn't *weird*?

"You're thinking about this far too much." Megatron said, and nudged at his shoulder. "Lay back. We can talk about this afterwards if you like. You'll feel better-"

"I-" Starscream laid back anyway, spreading his thighs, jumping when Megatron kissed down and down his frame. "I- it's- You better not hurt me!"

Megatron purred, kissing his inner thigh, "Wouldn't dream of it."

Starscream took a deep breath, steadying himself, and let his panel slide open. The cool chill of air didn't last long, Megatron dove straight in, hot breath and a hotter mouth. His glossa, prehensile and slick and beyond anything Starscream could have imagined, licked over his anterior node and it was so sensitive with arousal he nearly arched right off the berth.

Megatron pinned him with a big servo, red optics peering up at him over his cockpit. Starscream panted, feeling a knot of pleasure grow and grow behind his hips as Megatron licked, and sucked, and plunged his glossa into him.

And then he withdrew.

Starscream breathed sharply, vents screaming for air. He hadn't realised he was holding his breath.

"That's enough," Megatron rose, and his chin was wet. Starscream felt another wave of heat wash over him.

Megatron climbed up the berth, dipping and bouncing it with his weight. Starscream didn't know what to do with his arms so he kept them pinned at his sides, claws cutting into the top padding. Megatron took one, pulling it away from the fabric with a ripping sound, and placed it on his chest.

"You can touch me."

Starscream rolled his optics. "Of course I can." He snapped, and lifted the other arm to cup the back of Megatron's thick neck. He didn't know what else to do though, but fortunately Megatron dipped and began kissing him again.

Slowly, Megatron's knees found their way between his legs. He shifted up the berth, lifting his aft and hooking his legs over Megatron's thighs. There was a satisfied rumble, then Megatron was shifting between them. Something hot and stiff brushed the inside of his thigh.

He pulled out of the kiss with a gasp, but Megatron shushed him, pecking at his lips. "Relax. I'll ease you into it."

Telling someone to relax normally did the opposite. Starscream tried nonetheless, trying not to anticipate the push and stretch and burn.

It never came though. There were a few nudges as Megatron let their arrays bump together, Starscream shuddered and tucked his face into Megatron's neck, finding himself wanting more despite the pain to come from breaking his seals.

The spike nosed between his valve lips, his mesh suitably soaked thanks to Megatron's mouth. There was a push, and Starscream felt a sudden pinch. His mouth opened to gasp in surprise, but then it was gone as soon as it had arisen. And Megatron was pushing into him. *All* of him.

Starscream's digits dug into his armour with a shaky, surprised gasp "You're-?"

"There," Megatron's hips hitched forward, and though there was discomfort from the stiffness and unfamiliarity, it didn't hurt. He pulled back an inch or so, and it felt *good*. "Alright."

Starscream was muddled and hot and squirming, "What about- I had a seal?"

"Not anymore." Megatron murmured, starting to move into a pace.

And that was the last thing Starscream heard before his processor switched off, his sensor net alight with pleasure.

---

Starscream's processor switched back on when Megatron fell to the side of him with a heavy thump. He stared at the ceiling, exhausted, and wet, and sort of... floppy.

"Huh." He breathed.

Megatron's sated engines were purring somewhere to the left of him. A servo landed on his wing, stroking fondly. "Not bad. For a virgin."

Starscream found himself less annoyed by the teasing than he thought he would have been. "Not bad yourself. For a pensioner."

Megatron's purr transmuted into a rumble, and Starscream laughed as he was set upon again.

He enjoyed it even more the second time around. Megatron even let him ride on top.





# Knocked Up and Knocking Boots

## Chapter Notes

For trineleader, who wanted a simple fic about Megatron lavishing some attention on a carrying Starscream, but I turned it into plot and stuff just to make life harder for myself I guess. It's IDW again!

The last thing Megatron expected was the *Lost Light* to be called back to Cybertron at the behest of Starscream. What with his newfound popularity and title, Megatron had doubted the seeker would have wanted anything to with him.

He was led by guards to 'Starscream The First's' official residence, wondering what dastardly plot his former second might have cooked up this time. Maybe he'd managed overrule the need for a fair trial? Perhaps the Neutral populace had decided an unfair punishment was better than a delayed one after all.

He waited in the clean, polished modern hallway, ignoring the glares of his armed guards, and almost regretted that they hadn't bothered to cuff him. At least then he wouldn't have had to worry about what to do with his servos.

Finally, a large doorway opened at the end of the hallway, and a crowned, caped figure stepped away from a group of equally important looking mecha. Even at distance Megatron recognised Starscream for his elegant, aloft body language- even with the long violet cape drawn around his wings and shoulders, hiding his frame completely from view. He was quick to dismiss his company and stride down the hallway.

"Starscream," Megatron greeted evenly, helm tilting as he watched him stride, noticing something... not quite right about him, though he was unable to place what.

"Megatron." Starscream's oily purr greeted him back less formally. He glanced at the guards. "You can go."

The guards dipped their helms in a nod and took their leave.

Megatron was surprised that Starscream was willing to be alone with him; he was murdering psychopath, after all.

"Come with me." Starscream passed him and barged through another set of doors, leading, presumably, towards a private residential wing. Megatron found it even odder that Starscream would allow him into his home.

"What's this about, Starscream?"

"You'll see soon enough," Starscream answered, barely glancing over his shoulder.

They walked in silence, through more security doors, past guards that twitched and shifted when they saw Megatron, until they arrived at the entrance hall to what looked less like a sterile official workplace, and more like a home.

Starscream always had been messy-

The seeker in question came to an abrupt halt in the centre of the lobby and turned around, cape swinging around his ankles.

Megatron stopped short too. The door slipped closed behind them.

"Well?" Megatron grunted.

Starscream glared at him then looked to the side. He took a deep breath as though summoning his courage, then parted his long purple cape and tossed it over his shoulders-

-Revealing a frame that was decidedly less aerodynamic than Megatron last recalled.

He stared at Starscream's round, ample middle, exaggerated perhaps by his slimmer reformatted frame. He was carrying, *late* into carrying. His gestation chamber at maximum capacity and putting what looked like considerable stress on the protometal that was now visible through Starscream's gawping armour panels.

Starscream waited patiently for his verdict with a servo under the lower curve of the bump to support its weight, and another on the small of his back to rebalance himself.

Megatron's mouth was drier than Kaon's desert.

"What's the matter?" Starscream arched a brow, "Never seen a seeker about to have a sparkling before?"

"You're carrying." Megatron said stupidly.

"Obviously."

Megatron blinked several times in quick succession, wondering why he hadn't been warned beforehand. Surely this was planet-wide news. The chosen one gifting his people with a chosen heir? Someone should have thought to tell him. He and Starscream were no longer close but, they had been. In another life, he might have even been the sire.

Another wasted opportunity...

"No one else knows," Starscream seemed to read his processor. He stroked his bump fondly, but nothing in his expression implied he was excited about it. "It's growing difficult to hide, and when the public finds out-"

"Why tell me if you intend to keep it hidden?"

Starscream gave him a long steady look.

"Why do *you* think I've kept it a secret?"

Megatron honestly had no idea. Surely a sparkling was good for Starscream's publicity, they represented new life, fresh starts. The Neutrals wanted to rebuild after the war, and what better way to achieve that than repopulating the planet with tiny offspring?

Too impatient to wait for him to figure it out himself, Starscream scoffed in disgust.

"It's *yours*, stupid. What do you think is going to happen to my reputation when this thing pops out of me with your ugly helmet? The whole planet's going to think every damn thing I said to renounce

you was a lie."

It sounded all very stressful but Megatron's attention was elsewhere. He crouched, extending a servo, "Mine?"

Starscream made an angry noise and grabbed his wrist, drawing him in the rest of the way. He laid Megatron's palm flat against the ballooning armour of his middle, and Megatron felt the stirrings of new life within the seeker.

"-be lucky if I'm not put on trial too," Starscream was still complaining. "Maybe I should take an extended vacation and just leave it behind somewhere-"

Megatron stroked the convex swell of Starscream's armour, enraptured by it, its warmth, its shape. He'd never seen Starscream like this, never thought he ever would. A fine-tuned, precision designed warrior like his once air commander, now rounded and fat with his sparkling.

He leant forward, till his helm was resting against the curve of the bump. Starscream cupped the back of his helm in encouragement.

"And it kicks me non stop," he peered down at Megatron. "When i'm in meetings, when I'm trying to recharge-"

"Is it uncomfortable?" Megatron purred against his armour, cupping his middle with both servos. His frame warmed at the thought of making Starscream feel better. It was his duty after all, for having put him in this... Inflated state.

Starscream's servo paused its absent stroking of Megatron's helm. His lips curved. "You could say that. A mech in my condition has certain... needs."

Megatron's engines purred. He pressed his mouth to Starscream's belly. Life flickered within, "Perhaps I can be of service, oh chosen one?"

Starscream didn't need to say yes. He tugged on the edge of Megatron's helmet, encouraging him to stand again and follow as he began to walk backwards towards another door, one leading into an opulent looking berthroom.

Megatron liked to think he was a gentleman though, so he rose quickly and caught Starscream around the hips, lifting him up. He was ridiculously heavy, and where his normally trim frame could slot elegantly against Megatron's, it was now big and cumbersome.

Despite the bump between them, Megatron leant in and kissed him, carrying him towards the berth.

It was probably the new protocols from carrying, but Starscream melted easily in his arms. Megatron laid him down on his berth and his crown fell off, clattering to the floor. Starscream didn't seem to notice, struggling to pull Megatron close without putting weight on his unborn passenger. He whined in frustration.

Megatron shushed him, grabbing a pillow from the headboard and hiking Starscream's hips up long enough to shove it under his aft, elevating him. Megatron released his spike and stroked it lightly as he dipped and kissed Starscream's bump, then moved up and closed his mouth over chest vents and ridges. Starscream nuzzled at the top of his helm, purring appreciatively.

"I want you to ruin me," he murmured. "Like you used to..."

"Not in this condition," Megatron shook his helm, but kissed him to make up for it.

He drew back and rose again, climbing off the berth to stand between Starscream's spread legs. Starscream had trouble looking past his own middle at him, trying to crane his neck to see what happening as his panel popped eagerly. Megatron glanced at his valve, wet and plush, just the way he'd left it.

He lifted Starscream's legs up onto his shoulders and without any preamble, slipped into him with an appreciative murmur. Starscream gasped, servos flying to his bump, stilling it when Megatron drew back and hitched forward sharply, making it jiggle.

Incased in silky wet heat, Megatron's spike throbbed at the sight of it. He continued moving, watching his thrusts jar the heavy seeker. Starscream was pink in the face with both arousal and embarrassment, encumbered in his enjoyment by the bump he was struggling to support.

Megatron wanted to watch him wobble and bounce though. He took Starscream's wrists and held them away, leaving the bump to sway freely in time to his thrusts, mesmerisingly.

He felt his overload approaching, and thrust faster, deeper. Starscream yelped and clenched around him, and that's all it took for him to finish, riding it out, pumping his fluid into Starscream's already overstuffed frame, wondering if he could make the poor seeker any bigger.

He pulled out, and saw when he moved that their mingled fluids had escaped and tracked down Starscream's aft to dampen the seeker's ridiculous cape. Shame.

Megatron smiled at him, thinking he might be able to 'ruin him' after all. But Starscream's legs had only just fallen limply from his shoulders when his comm pinged with a summons.

His spark sank.

Starscream blinked dazedly. "If that's Rodimus-"

"It is." Megatron reached for the edge of Starscream's expensive cape and wiped himself down with it seeing as it was already strained. Starscream didn't appear to notice.

"I'm in charge here." He glared, pointing. "And if I want to keep you another five minutes-"

Megatron swept down and kissed him, shutting him up. It lasted longer than he'd intended for it too, but it was hard to pull away.

He did though. He knew he couldn't stay.

"You're too delicate to get into an argument with Rodimus today," he advised, brushing their mouths together one last time. "I... enjoyed seeing you."

Starscream didn't look mollified by the kiss though. "Fine, leave me then."

"Send word when the sparkling comes," Megatron refused to be drawn into an argument. He wasn't parting with Starscream on bad terms, not when he was so heavily carrying, and not when Megatron knew he'd do nothing but regret it. "And good luck."

Starscream simply crossed his arms and scowled at him. "Just go."

"Starscream-"

"Just *go*!" Starscream snarled, and probably would have jumped up and thrown something at him if he wasn't so weighted down.

Megatron supposed that was the best he was going to get out of him. He sighed, pausing in the doorway, "Goodbye, Starscream."

Starscream rolled to face the opposite direction.

---

It had been over a month now and Megatron's every waking thought was possessed by what he'd left behind. Starscream, and his offspring. There'd been no word, from Starscream or elsewhere, and he was beginning to wonder what had become of them.

Had Starscream had it? Was he still carrying? Where they alright?

He spent a lot of time wondering what his little one would look like, which of it's parent's they would take after. Starscream's wings? His helmet?

Would he ever find out?

His musings were interrupted by a scuffle outside his habsuite. Magnus's deep voice was intoning a stern 'no', and Rodimus's annoying voice whining.

Megatron opened the door with a scowl.

Rodimus froze where he was stretched onto his toe pedes, arms raised in the air, optics wide, expression caught. He was reaching for the data-slug Magnus held just out of reach.

"Message from the Republic of Cybertron," Magnus said, avoiding Rodimus's grabs for the data-slug as he handed it to Megatron. "From Starscream of Vos."

Megatron lifted it as high as Magnus had done when he realised why Rodimus was so interested in seeing it.

He crowded Megatron anyway, "As *Captain*, I'm-

Megatron quickly shut the door in his face. And locked it, for good measure.

He could still hear their faint bickering on the other side of the door, but ignored it in favour of unlocking the message, slotting the slug into the first datapad he could find.

It was a picture. Just one. Of a small black and grey sparkling sat nestled in a red armoured lap. One of it's pudgy little fists had been lifted to wave at the camera by the elegant claws holding it up. It's soft little face was confused, optics squinting and mouth open, unaware of just about everything, as sparklings tended to be. It looked barely a day old.

And it didn't, as Starscream had feared, have his 'stupid' helmet.

There was a message too, below the picture.

*Come home and meet your daughter.*

Megatron tucked the datapad away in his subspace. *Come home*, to Starscream and a daughter.

Of course he would. Not even the Gods could stop him.



# Voyeurs

## Chapter Notes

For anon, who asked for Thundercracker or Skywarp to see Megatron and Starscream in the act. I couldn't choose between them, so you get both!

Thundercracker watched Skywarp roll another high number and punch his fist in victory, leaning across the holographic board to steal the last galaxy token. "Yes," he grinned, dropping the token into his pile. "I win again, TC."

He gleefully scooped the tokens up and let them fall through his digits like they were shanix or precious gems. Despite the loss, Thundercracker found himself smiling.

"You really do suck at Galactic Conquers," Skywarp teased, "and it's a game for younglings."

"Then why are we always playing it?" Thundercracker offlined the hologram and began gathering the pieces. They'd been playing on the floor of Megatron's throne room to avoid distraction (and judgment), and if their leader returned to discover the mess...

Thundercracker tidied up more hastily. "We could always try playing something based on logic, or skill for once. Something that doesn't rely on *luck*-"

"Says the *unluckiest* seeker on the ship." Skywarp flicked one of the tokens at him. "Nice try, Thunder."

Thundercracker continued to begrudgingly tidy up. Skywarp began to ramble on about his latest Big Idea to win himself some favour with command; a insane sounding plan that involved trying to assassinate Optimus Prime via sending him a roll of poisoned wallpaper- after having overheard Megatron mention how fond Prime was of 'chewing the scenery'.

Thundercracker was about to explain what Megatron had *actually* meant by that when he was cut off by an odd noise.

Skywarp blinked at him. "Was that you?"

"No." Thundercracker stood, glancing around the throne room. There was no one else here. Skywarp went to open his mouth again but Thundercracker held up a servo, stopping him as he focused his audials.

There was nothing for a while, and he was about to give up when-

"*Megatron~*"

So faint and far away and breathless he almost didn't catch it.

"Did you hear that?" He whispered to Skywarp.

Skywarp shrugged, and began shuffled in the direction the noise had come from.



At the end of the throne room, behind the throne itself and concealed in the bulkhead, was a private doorway, the sort only Megatron was allowed to use for convenience and haste. It should have been sealed shut, but as he and Skywarp approached, helms angled curiously, they realised that it was not.

The door's track seemed to have been obstructed, and there was the tiniest gap between the door and the frame. Enough for sound to travel through- enough for them to take a peak.

A moan drifted through, and Skywarp, unable to help himself, began to tiptoe towards it.

"Warp," Thundercracker followed, trying to catch him without making too much noise, because if they could hear whoever Megatron was *attending* on the other side of that door, it was likely Megatron would be able to hear them too.

"I have to see this," Skywarp whispered furiously, dropping to his knees besides the door. He peered in, and then flinched back again, optics bug wide.

Thundercracker was so concerned about the reaction, he joined Skywarp at the door and took a look himself-

And had to throw a servo over his mouth to prevent a gasp of surprise.

Because it was *Starscream* with him.

On the other side of the door there wasn't a security corridor as he'd always imagined, but what looked like a small office, a desk, and a table and chairs, a place where Megatron could adjourn to and *meet* with mechs in private.

(Which was probably one way of putting what was going on now)

Megatron had his back to them, and was pinning a seeker to the bulkhead that they might not have even realised was Starscream behind his bulk if not for the hiked up leg balanced on the back of a wobbling chair. They were kissing, it was obvious not just in the tilting of their helms, but the sound of breathless vents and lips smacking wetly. Starscream's clawed servos were dwarfed were they laid splayed against Megatron's shoulders, and they were kneading their leader's armour fondly, carefully, deadly claws barely leaving a scratch.

"...That's kinda hot," Skywarp whispered, his mouth right next to Thundercracker's audial.

Thundercracker elbowed him lightly, making a shushing motion and ignoring the sudden flush of heat in his systems.

Starscream groaned inside the room, and Thundercracker refocused. There was a bang as the chair Starscream had had his thruster on tipped over and fell to the floor, then Megatron was hoisting him up himself. Starscream legs came up quickly, scrambling to secure themselves around Megatron's waist. They were clenched tight around him- Thundercracker could see the flex of the gears and struts beneath his armour.

From the way Megatron's aft and hips were moving Thundercracker realised quickly that they were in the middle of *more* than just a make-out session.

Skywarp let out a cross between an hysterical giggle and stifled moan. His frame felt hot against Thundercracker's back. Thundercracker leant back against him, but kept his optics locked on the goings on between the gap in the door.

"Shh," he hushed him.

Without Skywarp mouth-breathing or giggling, Thundercracker could hear their vents better, laboured and overworked, like they'd been at this for some time, all while he and Skywarp had been playing their stupid game in just the next room. He could also hear slick, wet noises, and his cheeks were set ablaze at the realisation that the sound was Megatron's spike moving in and out of Starscream's valve.

Thundercracker had no idea how long they'd been watching for, but Skywarp's arms had snaked around his waist and there was a definite heat against his aft where Skywarp had not so subtly nudged his codpiece against him. He expected to be warped away from here any second now and thrown across the berth in their quarters, but Skywarp wasn't willing to cut their free show short just yet.

Starscream suddenly cried out, a sharp, warbling noise, twitching and thrashing between the bulkhead and Megatron, pinned there as their leader continued to frag him without change, fast, firm thrusts. Starscream continued to mewl quietly as his overload passed, but he sounded so unlike himself, so undone and desperate and vulnerable, Thundercracker had to fight back growing guilt for having watched this.

The way they moved. The way they touched one another. The way Starscream whispered Megatron's name- it was profound and emotional, not a quickie hate-frag between rivals, but a private moment between lovers.

Megatron's fast pace came to a sudden halt. He snarled aggressively, muffled it in a kiss, then restarted his movements with sharp, spaced-out thrusts, each one drawing a squeak of noise from Starscream, who sounded close to going off again.

Finally Megatron ground into him, circling his hips with the scraping of metal and Starscream's gasping loudly in the background.

He grunted, purring engines so loud Thundercracker could feel it in his own chest- and then with a whirl of powering down systems, Megatron's powerful shoulders slumped.

"Let's go." Skywarp nuzzled his audial, servo wandering lower as he drew him away, "I wanna try that with you. "

Thundercracker nodded numbly, watching as Megatron carefully set Starscream down on the ground again.

He caught a glimpse of Starscream's face just before Skywarp's warp drive kicked it, flushed purple and goofily smiling, staring up at Megatron like their leader was Primus's gift to needy seekers.

And maybe he was, with the noises Starscream had been making...

"Think Starscream will share?" Skywarp whispered half an hour later in their own berth, sated and overheated from their own romp.

Thundercracker smirked, folding his arms behind his helm as he stared at the ceiling. "I sure hope so, Warp."

# Toys

## Chapter Notes

So this chapter is a combination of prompts from perictione, who made a great suggestion about Starscream finding toys in Megatron's room, and gaysentientrobots and an anon, who both asked for Megatron tied up, with Starscream in charge ;)

If Megatron didn't want someone snooping through his stuff, he should think about installing better security.

Or else it was pretty much an open invitation to bored individuals like Starscream, and the laser cutting device he had designed for the sole purpose of cutting through reinforced metal doors.

He cut a clean half circle around the door's locking mechanism. Switching the laser off, he gave the door an encouraging little push. It slid away silently to reveal Megatron's spartan but sizeable command quarters.

Starscream hummed happily, stepping inside.

A full week ago now a paranoid Megatron, sniffing out plots, had threatened to flip him upside down and shake him by the ankles if he didn't turn out the contents of his subspace. Knowing that he did, in fact, currently have the prototype for a memory blanking ray gun he was planning on using against his leader in his possession, Starscream had opted instead to hand over everything but- including his premium brand of waxes and polishes he had brought with him all the way from Cybertron.

Megatron had snatched them up, declared he'd be a more productive member of crew if he spent less time preening and more time working; and Starscream hadn't seen his polishes since.

And he wasn't using the standard issue generic sludge stocked in the washracks.

Megatron was unlikely to leave confiscated items out in the open, so Starscream began to search for loose wall panels and decking, and checking the drawers of the desk for false bottoms. After ten minutes or so he realised he was giving Megatron too much credit, and instead looked under the berth.

"Typical." He purred, and reached under it to pull out a box from underneath. It too, was locked, making it a promising hideaway for contraband. Starscream broke out his laser cutter and made short work of it.

He flipped the lid, ready to joyfully reclaim all of the possessions he'd lost over the millions of years, only to be faced with a very *different* sort of contraband.

He gasped loudly, shocked at the sight of what had at first looked like a box of torture devices- but upon closer inspection of the colour, flexible, *phallic* shapes...

He lifted one out, it was large and thick and flared at the base. It was firm, but had some give to it when he clenched his digits around it. "What is-?"

His digit found a switch. He pressed it, and the entire thing began to vibrate-

-Just as the broken door to the room was swung open with a slam, Megatron barging through with the angriest scowl, denta bared at the vandalism. His optics locked with Starscream's instantly and whatever furious thing he was about to say about breaking and entering died on the tip of his glossa when he spied the toy vibrating with vigour in Starscream's fist.

Starscream stared at him.

Megatron stared back.

"A whole box of toys," Starscream finally broke the silence, holding the vibrating toy higher, as though raising toast with it, "And you never once thought to share?"

Megatron's worried looking stare seemed to relax. "...I didn't-"

Starscream tutted, lifting a pair of handcuffs out the box next, dangling them from his pinky. "Why Megatron, you *know* I like seeing you all *tied up*."

Megatron reached behind himself with slightly shaky movements and slid the door closed again.

Starscream grabbed the sides of the box and tipped the entire thing out, wondering if he'd have the time to try each and every last one of them.

---

Starscream had originally come to retrieve his polish, not waste an entire duty shift messing around in Megatron's berth- but he was rather enjoying the turn of events anyway.

He sat on top of Megatron and watched him writhe and squirm, his wrists handcuffed to the berth frame above his helm. The remote Starscream held controlled the intensity of the vibrator he currently had shoved up Megatron's wet little valve.

He turned it up, and Megatron shouted, jumping. His thick spike, in Starscream's valve, twitched and throbbed.

Starscream turned it down again, letting it buzz lightly. Megatron moaned. "Starscream..."

Starscream smirked and rocked gently on his spike, just enjoying how easy it was to make his powerful leader whine like a broken pleasure bot. "What's the matter, Megatron? Do you want to come?"

Optics hooded and dim, Megatron nodded imploringly, his hips hitching up. "Please..."

Starscream slid his thumb along the controller and switched it up to it's mid setting, then down to it's lowest again. Megatron hissed and yanked on his handcuffs. Starscream could feel how close he was getting.

He tutted.

"Please, *what*?"

Megatron rolled his helm across the pillow. Starscream switched the vibrator up again.

"Starscream!" Megatron yelled, deep timbre cracking, "Let me come!"

"I come first, Megatron, you know that," Starscream purred, riding him languidly. Leaning forwards and bracing his servos against Megatron's belly, he rose onto his thighs for better control, choosing a pace that suited him, ignoring the fidgeting of the mech below. "Then you, maybe. If you're good."

The handcuffs jingled and clanked when Megatron pulled on them again, hard enough to shake the whole berth frame this time.

Starscream leant further forwards, pausing their game to rise from Megatron's spike and brush his mouth against his leader's audial with a quiet. "You alright?"

"M' Fine," Megatron nodded, flashing him a brief breathless smile.

Starscream's internals squirmed at the sight of it and he planted a long, thorough kiss on him. He settled back again, easing himself down onto Megatron's spike. Then turned the vibrator up.

Megatron was quick to turn back into a squirming desperate mess beneath him. Starscream kept the setting and concentrated on his own pleasure for a moment, watching the rainbow of expressions cross Megatron's normally stoic, bad tempered face, watching how his arms tensed and the legs behind him kicked at the berth top.

"You can come," Starscream told him, out of breath himself now, thighs aching with the strain of riding him, "When you tell me where you hid my polishes-"

Megatron made an hysterical noise, almost like a laugh of disbelief. "You-?"

Starscream reached back and began to twist and thrust the vibrator in Megatron's valve. The laughter turned into a shout, "Starscream-!"

"*Where*, Megatron."

"I- I have them," he hissed, optics shuttered and mouth opening to gasp silently. "My- my subspace- I have them-"

Starscream turned the vibrator up the rest of the way, to it's max setting, and angled it against Megatron's node until his optics flashed white with ecstasy. Megatron bellowed, yanking on his handcuffs so hard the frame they were attached to bent. Starscream felt, and then *rode* the sudden rush of warmth in his valve, Megatron climaxing from both valve and spike.

He let his optics flutter shut, joining Megatron in his climax.

When he finished, he switched the vibrator off and flopped forwards, onto Megatron's heaving chest. He was weak and exhausted, limbs too heavy to even think about trying to un-cuff Megatron from the berth-

There was a click and drag of metal, and Starscream peered up to see Megatron removing himself from them with some sort of hidden safety mechanism. He huffed. He should have known, Megatron would never have let himself truly be at someone else's mercy.

A freed arm came around his back, stroking a wing fondly. The other appeared in front of his face, holding his can of polish.

Starscream smiled sultrily and took it.

Then noticed how much lighter it was.

"Have you been using it?"

For a Decepticon, Megatron was so stupidly bad at lying. "...No."

Starscream remembered he still held controller for the vibrator lodged up Megatron's valve. He didn't at all regret switching it back on with a vengeance.

# Porn Star's Sex Tape

## Chapter Notes

For a pair of anons who both wanted variations of Starscream doing what he does best, on screen ;)

This is probably the crackiest prompt fill yet. I can only apologise.

Megatron stood in front of the main monitor in the command centre, and despaired of what the idiots he called his faction had done to the system.

Someone (though he could probably guess *who*) had been downloading movies from both the human internet and deep space frequencies. Somewhere in that mess they'd invited in a virus of some sort, and now Megatron couldn't touch the system without a thousand popups bombarding the screen all at once.

He was about to call it a day and just shoot the stupid thing when one of the mini popups managed to catch his optic.

It looked like porn, and he almost looked away with a disgusted snort- but something about the individual in the frozen screenshot was familiar. Sky blue thrusters on pedes, and glossy white, shapely thighs-

He clicked on it. It disappeared behind another rush of popups but he managed to clear them eventually and found himself looking at a long since discontinued porn site. *Video Not Found* was now written across the unplayable video, but he could see the screenshot in full now- of a seeker on his back, legs splayed by the wide hips of a dark construction frame with a broad spike. His face was turned towards the camera with a sultry pout, optics dimmed and hooded. Starscream.

Or someone that looked exactly *like* Starscream.

Megatron's mouth had dropped open in surprise, but more than that his array began to stir with interest.

No. It couldn't have been Starscream. Surely he would have known if his air commander had had forays into... *performing*. Soundwave should have known at the very least. And Soundwave would have had the sense to tell him.

Though the site didn't work, listed below the removed video were '*further viewing suggestions*'. Megatron glanced through them, seeing screenshot after screenshot of the same seeker that looked so like Starscream sucking spikes, or posing with his valve exposed, or smearing transfluid over his cockpit or-

"Why is it so dark in here?"

Starscream's voice drifted in from the doorway.

Megatron fumbled to get rid of the page, but the virus reacted as virus's typically did and more popups filled the screen, flashing up faster than he could delete, and this time finishing with one huge

screenshot of the Starscream-lookalike wedged between two huge triple-changers, helm thrown back in ecstasy.

Megatron span around and tried to the hide the huge screen with his arms.

Starscream had stopped short, and was staring at the monitor with a surprised, nervous expression. There was recognition in his bright optics. "Uhh.."

"I-" Megatron floundered. "There's a virus. They just... appeared."

Starscream hummed vacantly, clearly awkward, embarrassed.

"It's..." Megatron glanced between the mech on screen and Starscream, unsure whether it would be worth mentioning the elephant in the room and risking his ire.

"That looks an awful lot like you." He said diplomatically.

Starscream worked his glossa around his mouth, his surprise quickly transmuting into annoyance.

"... I had to pay for the science academy *somehow*, didn't I?"

Megatron thought his optics were going to burst out of his head. "It *is* you?!"

"No, it's my evil clone." Starscream rolled his optics. "Of course it's me. Look-" he strode closer and jabbed a digit at the screenshot where he was on his knees, aft raised with his valve exposed for the camera close up. "I would have thought you'd seen my valve enough times to *recognise* it-"

"There are a lot of videos..." Megatron said vacantly.

"*Learning*. Is *expensive*." Starscream said slowly, speaking like he thought he was an idiot.

"You should have told me." Megatron looked at him sadly.

Starscream misunderstood his sadness. He folded his arms angrily. "Why? So you could call me a degenerate slut, or a used up piece of share ware, or-"

"All that talent." Megatron interrupted, shaking his helm and waving at the screen full of porn dramatically. "And you never once thought to make a video with me?"

Starscream stopped short in his self deprecating insults. "You want to film me?"

"A video for our private use." Megatron glanced at the screen, contemplating, eyeing a screenshot that featured Starscream in a *very* flexible position. "...I'd like to try that."

Starscream sighed heavily. "Do you have a camera?"

"I can find one." Megatron reassured quickly.

---

Little more than a week later and the entire Earth based faction of Decepticons were gathered in the command centre, helms down and twitching nervously. Guilty. The lot of them.

Megatron was angry at all of them, but Starscream was only angry at Megatron. Which in turn, was



making Megatron angrier.

The tape was missing.

So, one by one the hapless subordinates were being interrogated as to it's whereabouts. Despite Megatron's fearsome temper, none of them where coming forward to admit it was in their possession.

From what Starscream could tell though (as he watched the proceedings, perched in Megatron's throne) by the way most of the gathered mechs kept glancing shyly in his direction, most of them had watched it.

And they'd been passing it around between them like a bag of energon goodies at a sleepover!

His scowl deepened.

Skywarp currently stood in front of Megatron, fidgeting guiltily.

"You watched it." Megatron asked.

Skywarp nodded.

"And what do you do with it?"

Skywarp kept his optics down. "Gave it Thundercracker."

Megatron moved down the line and loomed over the next seeker. Thundercracker slumped in defeat. "I only watched a little bit," he complained.

"-Liar-" Ramjet protested, disguised it as a cough.

Starscream let his helm hang back with a sigh, wondering how long this was going to take and if he even cared enough to see if the tape reappeared among the ranks. He'd take little enjoyment in watching it now, knowing every other blasted pervert in this base had too.

He was about to get up and make a dramatic exit -just so Megatron would know he was still angry- when Soundwave interrupted the interrogation with a alerted. "Lord Megatron. Tape; located."

Megatron straightened in surprise, turning back to look at him. "Where?"

Starscream wished Soundwave had just sent him a private message and explained, instead of turning to the recently repaired monitor and switching it on to a human news channel so the entire gathered faction could witness what was happening on it.

A fleshling female was sat at a desk talking very seriously, a stock picture of attacking Decepticons in the background. Starscream felt nervous before he even began to listen to what was being said.

*"-video quickly picked up traction through word of mouth. Experts estimate the number of copies will continue to multiply as demand grows, making it the first viral xeno-pornograohic video. Some xeno-biologists have debated the authenticity of the video however, arguing that the likelihood of non-organic aliens practicing methods of reproduction so similar to ours as unlikely.*

*Alley to the United Nations and Autobot leader, Optimus Prime, had this to say on the matter-"*

The video cut to a very haggard looking Prime yelling, "No I have not seem the video! And for the last time, 'no comment!'"

The video changed back to the fleshling female. "*More on this at ten.*"

Soundwave switched the command console off, and the room was silent.

"Wow, Screamer!" Skywarp called across to him, voice echoing loudly. "You're famous!"

Starscream smiled unsettlingly at a horrified looking Megatron and hoped it was enough to convey clearly how he was never *ever* talking to him *ever* again.

# Body Swap

## Chapter Notes

For travellinglemonworkshop who requested a body-swap !

"Starscream!" Megatron bellowed when the machine went off with a flash and a bang. Smoke spewed and wires sparked, and it had most certainly *not* gone to plan.

Starscream stumbled through the smoke, coughing and waving his servos. He felt unbalanced, out of place. And as the smoke began to clear, a figure came into view.

He blinked, finding himself looking at... *himself*?

"What?"

He coughed again, wondering why his voice came out several octaves deeper than it should have.

Coughing didn't improve it and he threw his servos up to his throat, trying to clear his vocaliser-before his optics caught sight of them.

Large black, blunt tipped servos. He yanked them away and looked down at himself. A flat silver chest, a huge fusion cannon... He was considerably higher off the ground too, stood on strong thick legs.

"I'm Megatron." He breathed.

"No!" The Starscream-lookalike across the room thrust a digit and yelled- no, *shrieked* at him- "I'm Megatron!"

Starscream blinked at himself. Or at his frame, at least.

The scowl, the hunched shoulders, the clenched jaw, the *obvious* lack of grace.

"You *are* Megatron," He realised, squinting at him. "You're me?"

"I told you not to activate the machine!" Megatron snapped, striding forwards purposely, and then tripping as his ankle gave way. He stumbled, "What the-" he waved his arms around to rebalance himself. It didn't seem to help.

"How do you *walk* on-!"

Starscream moved forwards, his unfamiliar frame huge and lumbering and slow. He caught Megatron's pinwheeling arms and pulled him upright before he landed flat on his aft, "Careful-!"

Megatron leant on him roughly- and Starscream was surprised at how light he felt. He watched Megatron lift a thruster heel, glaring down at it. "These are ridiculous."

"If you had even just a *iota* of poise and balance," Starscream began darkly. "You'd be able to keep *yourself* upright."

Megatron was ignoring the criticism. He slung an arm over Starscream's shoulder and balanced himself. "How you *run* in these things, let alone *walk*-"

"Heel toe." Starscream explained.

Megatron blinked at him stupidly, and Starscream wished he wouldn't pull *that* expression using his face. He sighed and stepped slowly forward to show him. Megatron's pedes were flat and built for stability, so it was no surprise he wasn't used to up-keeping good posture and balance. It was like teaching a sparkling to walk.

"Heel- toe, heel- toe-"

"You shouldn't have to think, to walk." Megatron grumbled resentfully, but followed his lead, still wobbling. "And these wings aren't helping-"

Starscream glanced back to see Megatron had dropping his gorgeous broad wings low, hiding them. No wonder he was having trouble balancing.

He touched one, and Megatron jumped with a surprised noise. It was high in pitch and so unlike himself Starscream couldn't help his smile. But of course, wings were a sort of *sensitive* that a brute like Megatron had no experience of. Yet.

"Lift them up," he advised.

"What?"

"Up!" Starscream nudged the edges. "Let them fan out, for Primus's sake. And don't slouch in my frame, strut-!"

Megatron spluttered. "I'm not about to start *strutting*-!"

"You're in *my* frame, you'll *strut* if I tell you to *strut*!" Starscream argued, "Or I'll start doing horrendous things with *your* frame."

Megatron snorted. "Like what?"

"Moonwalking!"

Megatron straightened, wings hitching up a little. He looked uncomfortable, so Starscream had to concede that that was the best they were going to do.

"You'd better fix this." Megatron snarled, pulling his face into more horrible expressions.

Starscream wanted to slap him. "Stop doing that to my face. You're going to give me wrinkles. Like you've got."

"You mean like *you've* got?" Megatron pointed, brow arching.

Starscream's optics widened at that sudden realisation. He gasped in horror, touching his- or Megatron's face, feeling lines and plating worn with age.

"I'm old!" He cried. "And *ugly*!"

"And I'm a peacock." Megatron bit back, lamenting the colourful armour of his arms.

Starscream shoved Megatron off his shoulder, letting him wobble on his heels unaided. "Don't call

me that."

"What better word is there?" Megatron held his arms open, displaying himself. "Impractical, flashy, *classless*-"

"Take it back!" Starscream loomed over Megatron, grateful that the height difference was in *his* favour for once. "You *like* the way I look. You said I was *elegant*."

"*You* are elegant." Megatron grumbled, looking at his sharp pointed claws. "But elegant doesn't suit me. I'm more trussed up than a solace day present."

"I'll fix it." Starscream promised him, touching his cheek. He was surprised by how big Megatron's servos were. Really big. Or perhaps he was the one that had been small? He looked between them. Megatron's helm was level with his shoulder, so when he looked down all he could see the top of his dark helm and Megatron's pouting lips.

"What until then?" Megatron tilted his helm up to look up at him, and Starscream could see Megatron's endearing demeanour shining through in his own optics.

It was disconcerting and familiar all at once. Megatron's stoic expressions on his face were... well, they were still rather handsome actually.

Starscream felt warm under his armour suddenly.

"Well," he began carefully. "I always did wonder what it felt like to *be* you, when we..." He let a servo trail down his- no Megatron's now- cockpit. "You know...?"

Megatron veered back in surprise. "You want to interface? At a time like this?"

"You've really never thought about it? What it feels like for me when you're inside me?" Starscream smirked. "Because it's pretty good-"

"I'm not a valve mech." Megatron shied away, dodging Starscream's attempts to touch him again, but tripping over his own heels. "I'm not used to it, and you're bigger than me like this anyway-"

"But *I'm* used to it." Starscream pointed out. "And thanks to you, my *valve* is more than used to it."

Megatron swallowed thickly, and Starscream assumed that his frame was responding for Megatron in the same way as this one was for him. He could feel Megatron's spike becoming stiff under his codpiece, in the same way he knew his valve was getting wet.

Megatron's cheeks were flushed, so he must have been feeling that dampness between his legs already.

"...Once." Megatron relented, fidgeting but trying to look confident and in-charge of himself. "Once for curiosities sake, and not a word of this to anyone."

Starscream hissed, "Yes!" gleefully and it sounded ridiculous from Megatron's vocaliser. "I'll get us back to normal straight after. I promise."

"You better," Megatron grumped.

Starscream swooped in and kissed him, and it was nice, for once, not to have to be the one on his tiptoes, craning his neck to reach. It was also nice to be the one groping and stroking his own wings.

Megatron moaned into his mouth, and Starscream found himself grinning.

He couldn't wait to show Megatron what else was more sensitive on a seeker's frame.

# Role Play

## Chapter Summary

entangledwood asked for roleplaying, with the added element of there being a power balance.

At the risk of things growing stagnant after four million years of monogamy, Starscream had -rather unwisely- taken advice from Skywarp.

"Role play," he advised wisely.

"*Role play?*" Starscream repeated with horror.

"Oh, yeah sure." Skywarp nodded. "And you know what Thunder's like. Gotta big imagination. Likes pretending I'm a cop that's arresting him sometimes. I can give you some ideas, if you want-"

Starscream was already walking away, because the *last* thing he needed was to know what sort of sexual fantasies his trine were playing out in the privacy of their habsuite. And like he'd ever humiliate himself making such a suggestion to Megatron.

He *did* think about it though, and rather regretted not having asked more questions. Like this police officer role play? Did they dress up? Did Skywarp put Thundercracker in cuffs?

Starscream shook his helm, trying to rid himself of the mental image. But the idea itself, annoyingly, wouldn't leave him.

He sidled up to Megatron, ever so slyly slipping under his arm when he was bent over a star map scowling. Megatron twitched when their armour brushed, and lifted his arm to peer at him.

"You look like you're plotting something," he commented.

Starscream brightened the setting on his optics to make himself look innocent. "No, just... I thought of something... amusing."

Megatron grunted. "What?"

Starscream tucked himself a little closer, taking Megatron's arm from where it was braced against the table and drew it around himself. "Roleplaying."

Megatron didn't react much, altering coordinates on the holographic model of the ship floating over the map before replying. "Acting? You're interested in the creative arts now?"

Like Starscream would *ever* waste his time with that.

"*No*," he admonished, rubbing against Megatron a little. "For sexual gratification."

*That* got Megatron's attention. His arm consciously tightened around Starscream's middle and finally he looked away from the star map.

"...What sort of roles were you thinking of?"

Starscream decided to be generous. He smiled up at Megatron, letting his wings flutter against his powerful chest. "I thought you might like to choose, if you're interested?"

Megatron was, obviously, very interested, and Starscream realised later that allowing him the power to choose the roles in this little fantasy had been a mistake the moment Megatron assigned his to him.

"*Share-ware?*" He hissed.

"I didn't say that." Megatron glared, and Starscream could tell they weren't off to a good start- and they hadn't even actually *started* yet. "Escort."

"That's the same thing!"

"I can assure you. It's not."

"And you would know, would you?" Starscream asked darkly.

"You're a high-class escort." Megatron dodged the question tactlessly. "And *I* will be your customer."

"I get to pick next then," Starscream snapped, forgetting this was supposed to be something enjoyable that built trust between couples and not a tit for tat revenge opportunity. "You'll be a delinquent student and *I'll* be an academy professor with a *cane*."

Megatron arched a brow, looking interested actually. "I look forward to it."

Starscream grumbled, annoyed that he could have forgotten what an unflappable deviant Megatron was. "Alright fine. So I'm your whore-"

"-Escort," Megatron corrected.

"-and you're a sleaze bag customer," Starscream continued undeterred, ignoring his mate's heavy sigh. "Hand over the credits."

Megatron blinked at his extended servo. "You want to be paid?"

"I'm a working seeker," Starscream cocked a hip and gave him a sultry look, thinking he might as well get into his role now. "This isn't a charity, stud. And I'm not cheap."

Megatron began to smirk. "I can tell. How much?"

"Five thousand."

Megatron found shanix somewhere within his subspace and tossed them onto the berthside table. It was such a careless, disregarding gesture that Starscream jumped. He glanced back to see if it actually *was* five thousand, but big servos had his helm and chin and were turning him back to face his 'customer'.

"Happy?"

Starscream opened his mouth to respond with something witty, but Megatron was already kissing him. He purred into it, reaching for Megatron's wrists. It was a little rougher than usual, hasty, like they really *were* in some back alley. Megatron drew back and grabbed at his aft with one servo, squeezing.

Starscream squeaked in surprise, optics brightening at the thrill that rushed through his frame. It was



rough and inconsiderate and he *liked it*. "Megatron-!"

"Don't say my name," Megatron warned, walking him back towards the wall, "Turn around, beautiful, open your panels."

Starscream did as he was told, trying to suppress his smile and hiding his blush against the bulkhead. Megatron took his servos and pinned them to the wall either side of his helm. A pede kicked his legs apart. He quickly snapped his panel away.

Megatron's mouth was against his audial in the next instant, hot breath wafting over Starscream's face. He shuttered his optics, pushing back into the heavy frame as it closed in on him.

"How did a pretty seeker like you end up doing such a dirty job?" Megatron murmured, and before Starscream could respond he felt the stiff length of Megatron's spike against his thigh.

He shuddered, blundering through his answer, "I- I didn't-"

"Is it because you like it?" Megatron growled, and though Starscream knew it was Megatron and not some rough overfamiliar stranger, his fuel pump jumped with nerves. "You're shaking. You want to my spike so desperately?"

Starscream nodded frantically, stepping his thighs a little wider. His valve ached and he couldn't remember the last time he had been this *excited*, this worked up and ready for Megatron.

"Say it," Megatron growled, chest rumbling against Starscream's wings. "Be a good seeker and tell me you want it."

"I want it." Starscream said numbly, trying to angle his hips back, wanting to grind against him. "Megatron-"

"No names." Megatron rumbled again and Starscream's legs felt weak.

Their structural integrity didn't strengthen when Megatron finally began to enter him, tip rubbing against his node teasingly before it began to press in, guided by Megatron's servo. It was hot and stiff and Starscream kneed the bulkhead when the stretch surprised him.

After all these years, and Megatron was still surprising him.

"Good seeker." Megatron continued to praise, and that, with his deep warm voice against Starscream's audial, was undoing him as well as that spike was, rolling into him languidly, taking it's time. "You're nice and wet for me. A perfect fit too..."

Starscream made an incoherently stupid noise, letting his forehelm thunk against the bulkhead, panting.

"You're doing so well." Megatron continued, starting to frag him with more intent now. Starscream began to moan, and wasn't able to stop. "Look so pretty like this-"

Starscream's cheeks felt like furnaces now, his spark tight with unfamiliar fluster. He wanted to squirm, but Megatron held him too tight. He was going to overload, and he was going to do it soon. He shuttered his optics and tried to keep it at bay, but Megatron was fragging him, and breathing on him, hot and hard, "Oh, Primus..."

"Be a good seeker and overload for me," Megatron told him, pace increasing, voice deepening with his own arousal. "For me, Starscream." He whispered hoarsely, "Be good for me."

Starscream couldn't have prevented it if he'd tried. He kneed the bulkhead again but could hardly feel it as ecstasy washed over him.

"Megatron!" He cried out, riding back against Megatron, chasing the pleasure of friction. This time he wasn't admonished for using his name.

"Well done, Starscream," Megatron kissed up the back of his neck, over his shoulder, his pace slowing, but not stopping. "Want to keep going?" He murmured.

Starscream nodded listlessly.

Skywarp was on to something here. Starscream was going to have to ask if he and Thundercracker really did have cuffs for their roleplays.

And maybe see if he and Megatron could borrow them.

# Sparking Megatron

## Chapter Notes

For anon, who asked for Megatron getting knocked up for a change.

That Megatron even had a gestation tank after the war, after the *pits*, was a thing to behold.

Most gladiators (if the damage they didn't sustain in the fights hadn't already done the job) lost theirs to crooked medics. Patrons that didn't want their prize fighters missing peak season because of unexpected little miracles would slip the arena medics a little tip to have the equipment taken out.

Fighters shouldn't carry anyway, is what they'd say. If they were really so set on making sparklings, the arena masters could always find them a mechling to sow.

Megatron was proud of his gestation tank- obnoxiously, so actually. He considered it a sign of his skill, his caution, his determination. He'd never let himself be damaged there, and he'd never bowed to the whims of those that considered it obsolete. Because it wasn't to him. One day the war would be over. One day he would have a sparkmate.

And one day he'd give that sparkmate the greatest gift he could.

And knowing all this, it wasn't a surprise for Starscream when the war fizzled out and the danger had passed and finally, when the world was safe enough to bring new life into, that Megatron insisted on getting some use out of his preciously guarded tank.

"You don't want to wait until things have settled?" Starscream arched a brow. "They're starting work on that new medical centre next month. Perhaps when it's built-"

"No," Megatron, stubborn as ever, insisted, "Now."

The planets medics were still in short supply and already inundated with other like-minded mecha lining up to have their baffles removed, their procreation systems switched back online. Their entire post-war society was ready to have their sparkling-boom.

Megatron was restlessly eager though, so Starscream pulled a new strings, greased a few palms, dropped names he had no right to be dropping, and Megatron was fast tracked through the waiting list and in a medic's office in no time.

"Give it a day or two to get everything back to proper function, and then start trying." The medic advised when Starscream was let in afterward, Megatron climbing off the berth with a stiff, uncomfortable expression in his face, a result of having his delicate components poked and prodded.

"How will we know if everything's as it should be?" He asked, looking at the ridiculous amount of datafiles the medic had given him on procreation. (Like he didn't already know how to do it.)

"Had a sparkling before?" The medic eyed Megatron.

"No." They answered simultaneously.

The medic nodded understandingly. "Then trust me, you'll know when he's ready."

Starscream hadn't known quite what to think at the time. Would the sudden chemical change in Megatron's frame throw him into something like the heat-cycles mechs experienced in ancient times? Would he become aggressive and frisky?

He understood better the next day, when he returned to their apartment and found Megatron had already retired to the berth.

Megatron peered at him stood in the doorway, looking sleepy and submissive where he lay on his back, limbs splayed shamelessly.

"Taking a nap?" Starscream cooed at him teasingly, dropping files and reports from the senate on the side table.

Megatron made a low rumbling noise, but it didn't sound irritated. More like a purr. Starscream approached the berth and sat on it's edge. Megatron's lazy arm lifted to stroke the edge of his hip.

"I think your protocols have activated," he murmured, laying a servo over Megatron forehead. Uncharacteristically compliant, Megatron let him.

"How many do you think we'll have?" He asked, voice low and soft.

Starscream hummed thoughtfully.

He thought about having a dozen or so sparklings running around their apartment, screaming and laughing and making a mess of everything. No doubt Megatron would be the 'fun' parent, and he'd be the one yelling and cleaning up while Megatron cuddled them all and cooed to them and kept asking for more.

He smirked.

"As many as you want." He told Megatron.

He rubbed Megatron's trim abdomen, thinking about how big and distended he was going to get.

"How about a test run?" He asked.

Megatron shifted a little, open legs submissively splayed. It was unusual to see him like this, less ravishing and proactive. There was a click as his panel opened.

Starscream tilted his helm back and gave it a glance, his systems heating up at the sight of Megatron's exposed valve. Dark grey and black, the mesh blending in with the armour and protometal around it. The little node's biolight was glowing a soft blue- a sign of fertility.

Starscream breathed in, and the rich smell of Megatron's lubricant made his helm swim.

"Oh," he purred, climbing on to the berth over Megatron. "You're ready..."

Megatron opened his arms receptively, and Starscream dropped between his thighs. He released his spike and let it grind against Megatron's valve. He began to lick and suck at his mate's throat cables, stimulating hidden sensors that encouraged and triggered gestation protocols, until the larger mech shuttered his optics and sighed, his cooling fans snapping online.

Starscream gave his cables one last long lick, Megatron's helm tilting all the way back with the movement, his powerful engines rumbling and revving in excitement, then lined himself up.

He slipped into Megatron easily, humming approvingly at the instinctive clench and release of callipers as he pushed in. Megatron sighed, arms lifting to wrap around Starscream.

"Ooh," Starscream felt his spike pulse. He hitched forward, and Megatron groaned. "You're going to give me so many sparklings..."

Megatron nodded listlessly, and huffed out a breath when Starscream started to move bit by bit. Megatron jerked at first, surprised and unused to the sensation. Starscream had to remind himself to be easy with him. He was delicate with these recently reactivated protocols, softer and supple-everything he was meant to be as a carrier.

Starscream pushed in to the hilt, waited there was moment, sensing a tenseness in Megatron. He stroked his sides and tutted, leaning down to kiss him gently, waiting for callipers to adjust. All at once the valve around him opened up, and Megatron relaxed with a great exhale of breath.

Starscream purred and rocked deep, watching Megatron's face flicker with emotion. Ultimately it settled on lustful, so Starscream increased his rhythm and worked him.

Megatron's cheeks darkened along with his optics. He let one huge arm loop around Starscream's neck and the other reach over head, seizing the berth's headboard, using it to push back into Starscream's spike.

His legs came away from the berth and lifted. Starscream noticed and tucked one up over his hip. Megatron locked it tight around him and used it to urge him on, pressing their frame's tighter together and and squeezing at the berth's headboard until Starscream heard a snap.

Megatron stiffened and overloaded, mouth open in a silent moan, the headboard broken and twisted by his fist. Starscream kept going, letting him ride it out until the twitching and clenching of Megatron's needy valve drew an overload out of him too.

He released deep into Megatron, filling him messily, hearing a wet squelch of fluid as he continued with halfhearted little bucks, Megatron grunting and writhing languidly in the aftermath.

"There," Starscream breathed, letting his shoulder's slump as he began to soften.

Cautiously, he eased himself out, his spike quickly chilling in the cool air. A trickle of transfluid escaped Megatron's valve without his spike to plug it.

Starscream caught it with his digit and slipped it back into Megatron's valve, giving it a languid pump in and out while he was there.

"Must you?" Megatron grumbled.

Starscream tore his gaze away from Megatron's valve and smiled, "Not a drop to waste."

"True," Megatron blinked languidly, helm lolling on the berth. He was dazed, though from the fragging, or the recent change in his frame's chemistry, Starscream wasn't sure. "I do want a lot of sparklings, after all."

Starscream decided to worry about what they were going to do with all these suggested little ones another day. He settled down next to Megatron and stroked his middle fondly. Soon one of the greatest warriors to have ever lived would be plump and full of his young.

He had far better things to think about because of it.



# Marriage of State

## Chapter Notes

For anon, who requested Starscream being gifted to Megatron as part of a political union.

Starscream is, of course, less than pleased about this.

Procreation was considered the prime importance of a political union, but Starscream wanted neither to bear sparklings or be traded away like his families prize turbo-pig.

But Vos wanted Megatron's army and Megatron wanted Vos's money. A match made in the well of all-sparks- if the promised offering would just get with the programme.

"He chose *you*," his creator had seized him by the shoulders and given him a hard shake. "He'll settle for no less-"

Starscream shook him off and ranted and raved and destroyed half his apartment. His creator let him do it. Starscream knew it was because throwing a tantrum wouldn't change anything. No one cared what *he* wanted. He didn't have a choice.

"You are *going* to him," his creator told him later, stood in what remained of his room, surrounded by the wreckage of broken experiments and Starscream's future as a scientist. "Whether you go as a willing representative of this city state and his betrothed, or as excommunicated whore, is up to you."

Starscream's defiance could only stretch so far. If he was going to Megatron regardless of his wishes, he might as well do it as a mech of social standing.

"Just think," his creator smiled and brushed nonexistent dust from his frame as they sat in a transport on their way to Kaon. "One day your sparklings will rule in his stead."

"*If* he wins the war." Starscream muttered out of the corner of his mouth.

And screw sparklings. He'd rather it was him ruling in the warlord's stead.

Megatron and his army had fortified themselves in the heart of their taken city. Starscream had never been to Kaon, even before the war had torn through it. He looked around the crumbling dark city and sneered. He doubted it had been much to look at even before then.

The Decepticons were wary of spies and trespassers, and Starscream's creator wasn't permitted entry into the military base when they arrived. Perhaps just to show what a caring and loving parent he was to the Decepticons watching, his creator tried to embrace him in fond farewell.

Starscream slapped him off and stomped his way past the guards.

"*Starscream!*" He heard his creator call after him, anger veiled with surprise at his 'uncharacteristic' attitude. Starscream could almost hear the, "*honestly, I don't know what's gotten into him...*"

Starscream hoped never to see him again.

The Decepticon guards marched him through the building, and like most military bases it was lacking in the homely touch Starscream was used to in his high-caste towers. The further he was lead, the more his spark twisted with anxiety. No doubt, he was being led to his intended.

He wondered what sort of greeting he'd receive. In private? In front of the masses? Megatron had promised Vos considerable protection for this arrangement, so it was likely he wanted to show off what he got in the trade.

Starscream wasn't brought before a gathered crowd or intimidating throne though. His guards lead him into a quieter wing of the building. They stopped outside a door and moved either side of it. One of them entered a code to unlock it.

"Lord Megatron will call upon you in time." The guard rumbled. "You must be fatigued from your journey. He invites you to rest for now."

Starscream eyed him, then his fellow guard, before stepping into the room. Neither of them followed and the door slipped shut behind him. He heard it lock.

He swallowed thickly.

The room itself was grander than most of the base. He wondered if these were to be his quarters, and if so, perhaps this arrangement wasn't all that bad. There were data-files in shelves lining the walls, and cozy looking armchairs to spend hours sat reading them. The berth was large and spacious- too large perhaps...

Unlikely to be his alone.

It had been a long journey so he took up the guard's suggestion and rested, settling down in one of the armchairs and kicking his pedes up onto the table between them, knocking off a couple of datapads. He was in too bad a mood to care about making a mess.

He must have dozed off, because what seemed like just an hour or so later, the room was darker, and the door was opening.

He nearly fell out of his armchair in a panic when the motion sensor lights suddenly flashed back online again and illuminated the towering, broad shouldered warrior stepping through the doorway. He gave Starscream a cursory glance, tossing a huge bloodied weapon to the floor at the foot of the berth.

Starscream jumped when it clattered loudly.

"You're here." Megatron, the warlord himself, commented, pulling a cloth out of his subspace and wiping his servos. They were messy with what looked like... Energon.

Starscream wondered what the scourge of Kaon had been up to whilst he had been sat here awaiting his arrival.

He'd had ideas about being as rebellious and uncooperative as physically possible for this mech- but an idea in theory was very different in practice. It was one thing to mouth off to some random politician his creator had gotten the idea to set him up with, but another thing entirely to stand up to a huge gladiator-turned-warlord who was wiping someone's blood off his servos like it meant nothing.

Starscream's self-preservation kicked in fast.

"Lord Megatron." He said, dipping his helm, cringing at how very good and well behaved he



sounded. It would have been just what his creator wanted, and the idea made him sick.

"There's no need for that." Megatron murmured, and servos now clean, he crossed the room to meet him. Starscream fought the instinct to back away like a nervous youngling. Megatron stood in front of him and looked him up and down.

"Starscream." He greeted, mouth curving with satisfaction. "I was pleased to hear you accepted my terms."

Starscream resisted the urge to say he'd had no part in accepting anything. He nodded, stiffly, wishing he could back away, or that Megatron at least, would be enough of a gentleman not to stand so close. He could feel the heat from his frame wafting over him. It was very... intimate.

"Yes, well," he waved a servo as though to bat the growing warmth between them away. "I suppose you'll want a ceremony as soon as possible-"

"There is no ceremony." Megatron interrupted, surprising him. For a moment Starscream's spark lifted. Until Megatron continued.

"Meaningless ceremonial drivel has no place here. You high castes are so fond of your pointless traditions, you start to think they're more important."

"More important?" Starscream shied away when Megatron reached for him. His servos were *huge*. "Than what?"

"Carnal desires." Megatron caught his chin and tilted it up. His palm was warm and Starscream felt his cheeks ignite with heat. "There is no ceremony beyond what we do here, tonight."

Starscream fuel pump was drumming through his frame. He stared up at Megatron with bright pulsing optics, almost forgetting how to breath. "What we... do?" He said stupidly.

Megatron dipped his helm. Starscream jerked, thinking he was going to be smothered with a kiss, but Megatron paused just a hairsbreadth away, dark optics smouldering cleverly.

"May I?"

Starscream exhaled.

Then nodded in a rush before even thinking about it. Megatron closed in with a kiss, gentle and easy to succumb to. Starscream kissed back with a shaky moan, lifting his servos to Megatron's broad chest, just to feel him. He was so big and his frame radiated with unseen power.

A glossa slipped over his bottom lip and Starscream's knees felt weak.

"Mmh- wait," he pulled out of the kiss, dizzy and stuttering. Megatron was stroking up and down his back, pulling him flush to his huge frame. Starscream wanted nothing more than to melt into him.

"Our traditions- they- I was never allowed to-" he cringed. "I've never-"

Megatron seemed to understand his stuttering, he nodded, humming indulgently as he led him to the berth, "I'm sure we'll more more than able to make up for lost time now."

Starscream's pedes were off the floor as he was plucked up and placed delicately in the centre of the berth. Megatron was upon him the next moment, kissing him briefly then licking his chin.

Starscream veered back, pulling a face, but Megatron was biting his neck next, growling and sucking

fuel lines into his mouth to nibble and suck. Starscream sighed softly, reclining back.

His helm didn't hit the pillow before Megatron had him by the hips and was flipping him onto his front though. He yelped in surprise. There were servos stroking over every inch of him, and as his wings were groped and massaged he arched his back like a well petted cat.

He glanced over his shoulder as Megatron began to climb over him, huge and heavy and hot.

Megatron nudged and shifted him into the position he wanted, on his knees, aft raised. Starscream felt ridiculous and self-conscious. Megatron's arms wrapped around his middle so his chest was pinning Starscream's wings flat to his back, and his broad hips were flush to his aft and thighs.

He exhaled thickly, feeling heat surge between them. He wondered if he was meant to open his panel now, when Megatron began to kiss the back of his neck and then down between his wings, making them flutter. Down and down he went, without the tiniest hesitation as he kissed over Starscream's aft and found the sensitive space between his legs and-

"*Megatron~*" Starscream let his panel open and warbled when he was kissed there too. Megatron lavished the mesh in attention, licks and sucks and kisses to every fold and sensor. Starscream shuttered his optics and sighed, relaxed and soothed-

Lips fastened over his anterior node and Starscream woke up with the shock of pleasure that it brought, moaning and pushing back. Hot air rushed over him when Megatron huffed in satisfaction, mouth withdrawing.

Starscream was too relaxed and dazed to recall what came next. He purred for Megatron when something hot and stiff nudged his valve, undulating his hips back when it nosed between his folds and met with the resistance of the ring leading to his inner valve. It was thick and broad, but when Megatron began to press forward, the rim stretched compliantly, and *kept* stretching.

Starscream ooh'd and ahh'd as Megatron rocked into him, little by little, stretching him out and filling him up. He realised, absently and too far gone to care much, that Megatron was fragging him, that he'd taken his seals and his innocence right along with it at some point between rubbing his spike between his mesh and this point now.

He could hear Megatron's vents, loud and heavy like his own, and the shifting clunk of armour on armour. Somehow neither was as loud as the slick slide of Megatron spike moving in and out of his wet little valve.

He overloaded, shaking and crying and wanting more. Megatron kissed his shoulder and kept going.

He still hated his creator, but maybe this arranged marriage wouldn't be so bad after all.

# Wing Kink

## Chapter Notes

Can't have a mega/star drabble series without dedicating at least one chapter to wing kink. Thanks anon.

There was a hidden language in a seeker's wings.

Megatron saw it, in the way they flicked and fluttered, and swayed and twitched. He wasn't privy to the meanings behind the movements- what it meant when Skywarp's wings shot up high, or Dirge's dropped low to the ground. It was part of their body language, as expressive as their servos and faces.

And none more so than Starscream's.

Droop. Twitch. Flutter. A pattern repeating itself over and over as Starscream stood scowling over a table littered with intel on Autobot movements, searching for a weak spot to exploit. Megatron watched him. Wings dropped down until they hung low, then with some involuntary twitch, fluttered upright again. They held, then began to lower all over again.

Megatron had no idea how long he'd already been sat watching vacantly, cheek propped up in his fist, attention rapt- but he certainly felt like he could continue for another few hours...

Finally, Starscream straightened and stretched, curving his back strut and angling his wings back with a deep sigh of relief.

Megatron shook himself out of his trance and opened a private line between them.

*Report to my quarters.* He ordered, and Starscream jumped at his sudden demand. *This evening.*

Starscream glowered over his shoulder, uncooperative and bad tempered. He responded over the frequency with a snippy, *I'm busy.*

*I don't care.* Megatron closed the link with a note of finality and settled back in his seat.

Starscream visibly sighed and turned back to his work, his left wing alone flicking in obvious agitation. Megatron wanted to reach out and catch it, squeeze it-

Later.

Starscream wasn't unused to his summons, but his fickle nature meant he wasn't always receptive to them. Tonight was proving to be an excellent example of it when he arrived, barging into Megatron's rooms scoffing and sighing and rolling his optics.

"Good evening." Megatron greeted him stiffly, watching him cross the room and throw himself onto the berth without preamble, onto his back with his legs hanging over the edge.

"Just get on with it." Starscream grumbled to the ceiling.

Megatron would do no such thing. Disappointed at Starscream's attitude, he ambled over and peered down at the seeker's scowling, uncooperative face.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing." Starscream muttered. His wings twitched and he shifted, looking uncomfortable.

"Your wings." Megatron realised. "You've been flapping them all day-"

"I don't *flap* my anything." Starscream hissed, pushing himself up on his forearms. "And if you *must* know, they had to be adjusted yesterday, after some Autobot oath landed on me-"

Megatron nudged at his hip, interested in taking a look, "If they've uncomfortable-"

"If they're uncomfortable the *last* thing they need is *you* pawing and tugging on them."

Megatron snorted and climbed over him, "I was planning on the opposite actually. Let me-"

Starscream wriggled and batted him away. "Like you have any damn idea what you're doing-!"

"Stop fussing, Starscream," he growled and ignoring the scratches and slaps and general unpleasantness, seized Starscream by the hips and flipped him into his front. Starscream snarled and kicked his legs, but Megatron kept him pinned with a servo on the small of his back, stopping him from turning back over.

He rubbed his servo from hinge to wing tip, one slow, firm movement. Starscream stilled beneath him, falling silent. Megatron did it again with the other wing. "Better?"

Starscream let his helm drop, cheek falling to the berth covers as he struggled to keep his pout looking sulky. "It's not... unpleasant."

"Is that so?" Megatron saw no need to keep him pinned and continued to massage his wings with both servos now, lingering at the tips to pinch them lightly between digits.

Tension drained from Starscream's frame. He hummed noncommittally.

Megatron dipped down and brushed his lips against Starscream's audial. He felt him shiver at the contact, and smiled, bringing his servos back down the wings, letting his digits press and drag across the armour.

Starscream's optics fluttered shut with a little sigh.

"Good?"

Starscream hummed happily. Megatron echoed him and shifted closer, kneeling either side of his hips. He began to kiss between his wings, then licked over the hinges. Starscream jerked, helm lifting, "What are you-?"

"Shh," Megatron murmured, kissing his shoulder vent, "Just relax..."

Starscream seemed reluctant, so Megatron had to convince him with further touches and kisses, stroking his waist, nuzzling the back of his neck.

"You're not usually this attentive," Starscream grumbled, voice muffled by the berth covers. "It's nice..."

Megatron purred, slipping his servos under Starscream's front and stroking over his cockpit, groping at his turbines. Starscream shuddered and sighed, lifting his hips off the berth just enough to bump his aft to Megatron's groin.

Megatron slipped the servo cupping Starscream's cockpit lower, sliding it down until his palm pressed against the warmth of Starscream's valve cover. He massaged it, tucking his face close to Starscream's neck and kissing him. Starscream circled his hips into his touch, then opened his panel.

"Good," Megatron praised lowly, kissing his shoulder vent again and extending his middle finger, letting it slide between the folds of Starscream's damp valve and deep enough to circle the clenching inner rim. He kissed down his wing edge next, working his finger in and out of Starscream.

Starscream writhed and squirmed beneath him, breathless and sighing, his servos clawing at the berth covers. "Megatron..."

Sensing an impending complaint, Megatron slipped another finger into him, scissoring them to stretch the rim. He felt Starscream tense, his aft bumping his hips again. He nuzzled and licked between Starscream's wings until the tension was soothed away, and Starscream was supple enough to frag with his fingers. In- out, in-out, a quick measured pace, grinding the palm of his servo against Starscream's sensitive little node until everything was wet and slippery.

Starscream just moaned and rolled with it.

Happy with that slickness, Megatron drew his arms out from under Starscream and settled his weight down. He heard a huff of protest from Starscream squashed beneath him, but rumbled and mouthed at his wing until he re-settled with a soft whine.

Megatron released his spike. Starscream heard the click and hiss of it's emergence and shifted to spread his legs. Megatron worked his hips until he felt dampness on his protometal, then began to rock and grind. He gripped a wing and played with a little, nosing at the other as it tried to flick and twitch.

Starscream whined, and Megatron decided he'd teased the poor creature enough. He took himself in servo and guided his broad tip to Starscream's entrance, ignoring the hitch of breath from the seeker as he began to press in. Starscream was always a bit tight, but he was wet and ready enough now, and Megatron found little resistance. He slid in with a sigh and Starscream groaned, helm rolling against the berth covers.

Megatron drew back and swept in again and Starscream jerked and gasped aloud.

Smirking, Megatron took a wing into his mouth and hitched his hips back. He bit down in time to thrusting back in. Starscream howled, claws ripping shreds out of the berth covers as the sensation was enough to throw him into climax, lubricant rushing from his valve. Megatron purred around the wing in his mouth and started to move, pace unhurried and languid.

Starscream made pathetic undone noises as he continued, his wings flicking and shuddering helplessly as the aftershocks of overload still vibrated through his oversensitive frame.

Megatron pawed at his wings, wondering how many more overloads he could wring from the poor seeker with their help.

# Feedback

## Chapter Notes

For vanoodle, who requested a spark link with unexpected consequences.

Megatron didn't know how he'd done it, but he'd always expected it...

He'd *always* known one day Starscream was going to pull the trigger and ruin *both* their lives.

And so he had, in one fell swoop, using some bastard machine that sent piercing, stabbing pain straight through the heart of his spark, ripping something out of him and shoving something *else* in it's place. A devious, evil little something.

A something that felt like *Starscream*.

He wasn't an idiot, and he sussed quickly for himself the nature of what had happened when he seized Starscream's wing and tugged and done little else more before he was doubled over with second-hand metaphysical pain.

He stared at his own servo in horror, then at Starscream's cringing but hopeful face.

The little monster.

He'd combined their spark frequencies, created some sort of bastard bond between them. An unbreakable, emotional, sensory transmitting bond. Megatron would have throttled him, but he'd be feeling it himself and he was rather fond of *breathing*.

Despite the protection this afforded him, Starscream was wise to steer clear of him for now, slinking off into the depths of the ship to regroup and perhaps, if he *had* a sense of morality left, ponder on the gravity of what he'd done to them both.

Megatron meanwhile stomped down to the sparring rooms and kicked the ever-loving scrap out of every sparring-drone they had, functional or not. And then stamped the pieces into shrapnel when *still* it wasn't enough to sate his temper.

Starscream was a ever-present tingle at the bottom of his spark, a lurking phantom. He couldn't feel anything keenly unless he focused though, or if Starscream was projecting loudly. Secretive little brat rarely did though. He knew better than that...

Regardless, a week or so later it became easily ignorable, with Megatron only remembering they were so connected when Starscream lost his temper during air manoeuvres, or stubbed his toe.

Megatron seriously considered walking into a door just to give him a taste of his own clumsiness.

It wasn't until some nights later that Megatron recalled how pain wasn't the *only* feeling that could be transmitted over their new bond.

He'd been recharging when it started, and shifted awake when the sensation grew too great to ignore. He cracked his optics open and peeled his face away from his pillow, his vents and cooling fans

working hard, his frame overheated. He threw the covers off angrily, struggling to place why he was so uncomfortable.

His spark throbbed in his chest. He raised a servo to it, groaning at some indistinguishable but building tension he could feel leaking through the bond.

Blasted seeker.

He laid down and tried to ignore it. But he only grew hotter, his spark pulsing faster as time went by.

With a snarl of frustration he rose angrily and marched out the door. Half wake, vents huffing, and frame steaming, he must have looked a picture stomping through the ship. Those on guard duty knew better than to stare.

He arrived at Starscream's quarters in little time at all. He didn't bother to knock, using the override code to unlock the door and barge in with a demanding, "What the pit do you think you're doing at three am!"

Starscream was in his berth, and at Megatron's bulldozing entry and subsequent shouting, had yelled in fright and snapped spread thighs shut with a clank of armour, scrambling for the berth's sheets, trying to cover-

Megatron veered back in surprise, the rich scent of lubricant hitting him.

"Oh of *course*!" He bellowed. "You're self serving!"

Starscream's face was a deep dark purple. He hissed and waved his arms towards the still open door. "Oh my-! *Shut up*!-! What is *wrong* with you?!"

"Me?" Megatron demanded, not giving a slag that the door was open. He still felt as hot and bothered as he had when he'd first woken up, perhaps *more* now that he could smell... Starscream.

"Your rampant sexuality woke me up!"

"It's not *rampant*-"

"It certainly *feels* like it!" Megatron puffed up his chest and bellowed again.

Starscream cursed and scrambled off the berth, dropping the covers to the floor and rushing to close the door. It sealed them in and Starscream twisted on the spot and stared at him like he was insane. "What I do with my frame is *my* business."

"Not anymore it is." Megatron hissed darkly. "How do you expect me to recharge with your second-hand molestation?"

Starscream shook his helm, "Don't be such a drama queen, Megatron. You can't feel-"

"I can feel enough!" Megatron jabbed a digit at him. "Pull yourself together. Repress your urges like a proper soldier."

Starscream stared at him for a brief shocked moment. Then started laughing. "Primus, you are so old! *Repress* my *urges*?!"

Megatron scowled. He should have known.

"Oversexed seekers," he muttered.

Starscream cocked a hip, wings hiked high, and gave him a Look. "Oh, *I* see. No wonder you're so worked up...."

Megatron snorted. "Whatever you're *implying*-"

"I'm not implying anything." Starscream arched a brow. "I don't need too. I've gotten to know your uptight presence rather well this past week. You need to get laid, my liege."

Megatron's denta gnashed together at the audacity of this seeker, "You expect me to slink off back to my rooms and service myself in the dark like you do?"

Starscream pursed his lips together, looking him up and down. Megatron felt another rush of heat pass through his frame. It took him a moment, but he soon realised it hadn't come from the other side of the bond.

Starscream was eying him with interest.

A sane mech would have backed out the door and escaped the predatory gaze of a needy seeker with its valve out and wet, but after a week of having Starscream in his head, Megatron probably wasn't so sane anymore.

"You could stay here," Starscream shrugged, "I've already done most of the work for you."

He gestured to his groin, where his panel was still shamelessly retracted. Megatron swallowed, his glossa numb in his mouth. His spark pulsed again, an encouraging little nudge to take what he wanted.

Or careful manipulation of their bond from Starscream's end.

"Either way," Starscream shrugged, sitting on his berth and leaning back on his servos. "I'm going to finish what I started. If you're really so desperate for recharge, maybe you'll help me get there a little quicker."

It was three am. Megatron was tired. He was turned on. And Starscream may be insane, but he'd always been dangerously, *devastatingly* beautiful.

This time it wasn't Megatron's spark that pulsed, but his spike.

Starscream felt the urge second hand, and spread his legs.

Megatron had never stood a chance.



# Facial

## Chapter Notes

For the anon who requested a (cum) facial. Anon, I respect you.

On his knees before the throne, with Megatron's long legs either side of him, Starscream folded his arms over his leader's parted thighs and set his chin atop them, smiling prettily. Megatron gazed down at him, stoic and imposing, expression not at all betraying his sudden increase in core temperature.

Starscream tilted his helm and fluttered his wings, shifting himself more securely between his leader's legs.

Megatron sighed as though put upon, lifting a servo from the armrest and stroking down the side of Starscream's helm, thumb rubbing his cheek.

"Go on then." He relented.

Starscream's internals squirmed in delight. He unfolded his arms and lifted his helm so Megatron could slump down his throne, out of his straight-backed professional posture and into something lazy. It allowed him to spread his thighs wider, give Starscream better access.

Starscream pressed a kiss to Megatron's spike panel, relishing the warmth of the heated array beneath. He purred and licked at the seams next, long and slow, tasting the tang of something *more* than armour and polish lingering beneath. Megatron sighed, absently toying with one of his wing tips, and released his panel.

The black armour folded away and Starscream got a good look at his spike housing. It was a large bulge of protective protometal to sheath an even larger spike, the same matte grey as his plating. Starscream licked over it encouragingly, savouring the taste on his glossa, humming when the hiss of pressurising components met his audials.

Megatron encouraged him to continue his licking with a servo on the back of his neck. He watched with lazy, dark optics as Starscream tongued at the spike emerging from the opening of the housing, sucking briefly on the tip, embellished with pulsing red biolights. The heavy spike was at it's thickest in the middle. Starscream kissed at it there and nuzzled the shaft, watching delighted as it swayed and drooped under it's own weight.

Clearly keen to have his fill, Megatron reached for himself and held his spike steady, angling it up so it's winking eye was aimed at Starscream's mouth. Starscream had wanted to tease him a little more, but he obediently opened his mouth and took it in.

Warm and heavy on his glossa he let the head rest there a moment, sucking lightly and flicking his glossa over the slit. It had already begun to leak pre-fluid. Starscream moaned, swallowing loudly.

The vibrations travelled through him and into Megatron's spike. Megatron made a deep satisfied noise, letting his helm rest against the throne's back, taking the side of Starscream's face and urging him on.

Starscream got the hint. He swallowed around his mouthful and began to move, bobbing his helm and watching Megatron's blissful expression, increasing the depth with each forward motion. Eagerly for more, for as much as he could get, he moved too fast and took too much and almost gagged.

Megatron murmured a reproach, swiping a tear of coolant away from Starscream's cheek when his optics watered. Just the feel of his leader in his mouth- it was enough to drive all skill and inhibition from Starscream's processor. Carefully perfected technique went out the airlock and he was a drooling, gagging, hungry mess at Megatron's pedes.

Megatron was beginning to struggle with his stoicism, his brow creased and digits clenching on the back of Starscream's neck. Starscream could feel the tension in his thighs, an impending sense of approaching climax.

He slurped loudly, making an obscene show of pulling back and focusing on the tip. Megatron grunted, twitching, a trickle of pre-fluid escaping. Starscream wanted to roll it around his glossa and savour it, but there was more to come.

Megatron's hips began to rock, and he knew his leader was close. He worked himself into a proper rhythm, ignoring the spit dripping down his chin, his own panting vents, the way Megatron's servo was at a near crushing grip on the back of his neck.

He focused on his leader's face, the dimming of his optics as his frame began to focus energy elsewhere. Megatron made a noise, a soft, barely there hitch of breath. His thighs stiffened under Starscream's servos and his frame seemed to lock.

His spike gave one last pulse, the biolights around his groin flickering, then his orgasm seemed to vibrate through his entire frame.

Starscream moaned, pulling back enough so that he would be ready to taste every last drop-

-When the servo on the back of his neck yanked him back at the last second.

He gasped in surprise, wet mouth still connected to Megatron's spike by a stubborn string of spit. He looked down at it just in time for transfluid to shoot out and streak his face, thick, hot ribbons of it. Starscream blinked in surprise but kept still, watching Megatron grip himself hastily and yank on his spike, wringing a few more spurts out of himself. They fell across Starscream's chin and parted lips. He poked his glossa out and tasted it, never dropping his gaze from Megatron's face.

Finally Megatron's frame slumped, and he realised a shaky sigh.

Starscream swiped a digit through the mess on his face and brought it to his mouth, sucking it off with a wet pop.

"Nearly got my optic." He commented, not obviously annoyed, but reproachful enough that Megatron would *know* he wasn't pleased with the mess.

"It's a good look on you." Megatron shrugged, unbothered, "Besides, I know how much you spend on your expensive polishing products. Think of it as a cheaper alternative."

Starscream wiped the mess from his face with the back of his servo, then flicked it at Megatron, spraying him with a tiny drops of transfluid. Megatron flinched, surprised, but Starscream was already standing, slapping his knee roughly as he rose.

"*Starscream*," Megatron lamented patronisingly, arms beckoningly open. "Don't be like that."

Starscream threw a rude hand gesture over his shoulder. "You're *welcome*, by the way!"

He ignored Megatron's half-hearted summons. He needed to find a wash-rack.

He was pretty sure some of that transfluid had gone up his nose...

# Throne Sex

## Chapter Notes

For the anon that asked for Starscream sitting in Megatron's lap.

Starscream was rather fond of the throne.

High backed and wide, with generous armrests and a gloriously intimidating theme, no other seat matched up to it. He could spend all day lounging in it, looking down his nose at the unworthy peons.

Unfortunately, the throne wasn't actually *his* to sit high and mighty in. And it's true owner never failed to remind him.

"Off." Megatron ordered with a snap of his digits, pointing to the floor like he was ordering an unruly pet off new furniture.

Starscream sunk his claws into the armrests and pouted. "I was here first."

It wasn't, of course, a matter of who was there first, because there were some things that Megatron just didn't share, not even with him.

Miserable and making great effort to show it by pouting and slumping and kicking at the floor, Starscream got up. Megatron nodded with approving satisfaction, and all ready to stomp down off the raised platform and retreat to his lab to sulk and plot, Starscream ignored his stupid smug face.

Until a servo caught his upper arm and pulled him into a spin.

Megatron took his rightful place on the throne and dragged him right down into his lap with him. Starscream ended up perched gracefully on one of Megatron's big thighs, an arm looped loosely around his waist. After a moment of surprise, he smiled and settled back, leaning a shoulder against Megatron's chest.

"Comfortable?" Megatron's breath tickled his jaw.

Starscream shifted so he was facing the room, staring down the mechs pretending (or at least trying) to work despite the distraction of their superiors. He reached for Megatron and stroked a servo down his face, touching the ridges below his optics appreciatively, feeling possessive.

"I suppose it's an acceptable alternative."

Megatron kissed his shoulder vent, lips warm and soft. Starscream caught Blitzwing peaking at them from over the top of his monitor bank. He ducked hurriedly and Starscream's smirk widened.

He dropped his servo so it fell to Megatron's left thigh to stroke. Megatron's servo came up to cup the lowest curve of his cockpit and give it an indulgent rub.

Starscream could tell where this was going...

He dragged his servo higher up Megatron thigh, still staring out across the command centre, silently daring any of the Decepticons at their monitoring stations to lift their gazes and see what their leader was letting him do. What only *he* was allowed to do.

Finally his digits finished their slow teasing journey and reached the apex of Megatron's thighs. Megatron made a noise in his audial, shifting suddenly and almost unbalancing him in his lap. Starscream could feel heat wafting from his codpiece. He was obviously aroused and likely uncomfortable under that panel- the curse of a well endowed mech...

Starscream wondered if Megatron would be bold enough to get it out right here and now, in front of everyone-

He teased his digit into the codpiece's armour seam, just to see.

Megatron's servo shot out and seized his in a grip almost harsh enough to hurt. He grinned, looking at Megatron's stern, glaring face.

"Clear the room." Megatron ordered, deep rasping voice carrying easily across the large room, betraying none of his obvious discomfort.

Pedes shuffled for the exit quickly, armour clinking as shoulders knocked in their haste to make their escape. Starscream didn't blame them at all for rushing, because he wasn't wasting any time, already twisting in Megatron's lap to straddle and kiss him.

Megatron indulged him generously, kissing back fiercely and seizing two rough handfuls of aft, squeezing and massaging with relish until Starscream whined.

"You want the throne?" Megatron growled between kisses, and hissed when Starscream bit his lower lip and nodded eagerly in response.

Megatron drew away with a snort, and began to rise. Starscream slipped off his lap with an irritated noise, pushing at Megatron's shoulders to make him sit back again. There was little use fighting against Megatron's superior strength though. The warlord did as he pleased.

Now standing and looming over him, Megatron span them around and gave Starscream a little shove backwards. Taken by surprise, he overbalanced and landed in the throne haphazardly, slumped and struggling to get upright. Megatron didn't move to help him, and instead worsened his predicament by taking his legs and pushing them up, hooking them over the armrests, leaving him splayed and on display.

"Don't say I never indulge you." He said, slag-eating smirk curving his mouth.

Starscream would have kicked him, but Megatron was already between his legs, servos rubbing down his front, pinching turbines and stroking his cockpit before reaching down and groping between his legs. Starscream enjoyed the pleasant pressure, the rub and stroke to his covered valve, and ground down into his touch, easily submitting when Megatron's thumb did it's clever little press and slide to the panel and managed to open it manually.

He gasped, half indignant, half in amusement, "You impatient-!"

"-Tease," Megatron interrupted with an arched brow. His palm rested over Starscream's valve, waiting, "Don't tell me you've never wanted me to do this to you here-"

"-You'll make a mess." Starscream breathed, undulating his hips into Megatron's servo to get some friction going anyway. He could feel himself getting wet.

Megatron noticed and finally began to touch him properly, angling a finger and slipping it into him, "You mean, *you'll* make a mess?"

"*You'll make* me make a mess." Starscream argued, and reached to pull Megatron's servo out from from between his legs. It was warm and damp with his lubricant, and Starscream's valve was clenching with need. "Just do it before some idiot comes in and tries to give you a progress report..."

A very real threat. It had happened once before.

Megatron leant over him, gripping the armrests and blocking out the overhead lighting. Starscream angled his helm up to reach him, kissing him smoothly, letting his optics flutter shut. He heard Megatron's codpiece release and felt him sigh with relief into their kiss.

A big palm took his thigh and massaged it before pushing it even further back. Starscream whined, then whined louder when Megatron pressed into him in one smooth push. Slumped awkwardly in the throne he had nowhere to throw his helm back and had to awkwardly arch his back, almost sliding right off the throne's seat.

Megatron caught his aft and hitched him back up, holding him in place and open, and started to frag him.

Fast.

Rough.

Trapped in the throne, Starscream ignored the uncomfortable curve of his spinal strut and held on to the armrests for dear life, optics rolling into the back of his head at the relentless, overwhelming pace.

Megatron reached overhead and braced his arm against the top of the throne's backrest, expression twisted in concentration, mouth a hard thin line, like the sight of Starscream so undone in his throne was almost too much. Starscream let go of the armrests and touched Megatron's hips, his chest, his trim but strong belly, mouth falling open shamelessly as overload swarmed his sensors, stroke after stroke.

Then he *did* make a mess of the throne.

Watching him mewl and cry and paw at him desperately was enough for Megatron too. He roared, fist clenching and crumpling the thick metal that made up the backrest of the throne, he stilled with one last rough shove, and Starscream felt him twitch inside him, his optics pulsing and dimming suddenly.

Then they'd *both* made a mess of the throne.

Megatron breathed for a moment, gaze skyward, throat working, before he blinked himself back to the present. He smiled breathlessly down at Starscream.

Starscream might have smiled back at him, if he hadn't still been struggling to get upright.

"Will you- *help*?!"

Megatron decided he'd suffered enough. He eased himself out of Starscream's sore valve -being gentle with him for once- and extended a servo down to help him up. Starscream took it and was tugged upwards, right up onto his thrusters and into Megatron's arms, where he was met with a firm, prolonged kiss to the cheek.

Starscream should have shied away. Cheek kisses were a bit too affectionate for them.

Ignoring Megatron's second attempt at another overly affectionate kiss, he glanced back at the wet, sticky throne.

"Well I'm not cleaning that."

Megatron snorted against his cheek. "What a surprise."

# Bayverse Breeding

## Chapter Notes

skywarping and jinxdoodles on twitter gave me some great prompts for Bayverse and that is so my thing I just couldn't resist.

Megatron had known from the start Starscream would carry his heirs. The very cycle they met he was protecting the little ones- useless and injured and unclaimed they all were, he had rounded the lot of them up like they were a clutch of his own making, hiding them under broad metal wings, even daring to hiss at him when he approached too close.

Such formidable protective instincts was enough to make any mech warm under the armour.

Yes, he's always known it was going to be Starscream.

Whether *Starscream* was aware of that or not was an entirely different matter.

"A reward?" Starscream repeated, tone slick and disbelieving.

"A task." Megatron corrected, wishing this pesky seeker wasn't so difficult all the blasted time. *Any* other loyal devoted Decepticon might have been easier, but they wouldn't have been Starscream.

In Megatron's thoughtful opinion, he was worth the trouble.

"Our future lies in repopulation. You are more than capable of producing a strong, healthy clutch."

"Whose clutch?" Starscream sneered.

Megatron lifted his chin, proud. "Mine, of course."

"Lucky you," Starscream's optics narrowed to slits. "I'm sure when your coding was chosen the decision was made fairly and logically. And had little to do with how often you leer at my wings."

"The decision was made on compatibility." Megatron snarled, lip curling over his sharp denta. He didn't *leer*, he *observed*. And if Starscream didn't flaunt them so much...

Starscream rolled his optics, "Of course it was, master."

Megatron rather liked it when Starscream called him 'master'- though it lost some of it's appeal when the sarcasm was added. "Watch your tone." He warned. "And assume a comfortable position."

"Now?" Starscream's optics brightened with surprise

"Little use in wasting time, dear Starscream," he growled nastily, feeling his interfacing array ping online; warming already. He didn't particularly *like* Starscream, neither as an individual or a second-in-command, but he couldn't deny the idea of fragging him wasn't highly appealing.

He was looking forward to it greatly.

Perhaps it'd knock the prideful seeker down a peg or two.



Starscream sat on the counter of his work station, long double jointed legs parting to reveal the tiny panel hiding his valve. Megatron rumbled appreciatively, reaching for it, and Starscream snapped his legs together with a disapproving hiss.

"You're not nervous." Megatron glared, wondering what tricks he was playing.

"I am of your claws." Starscream pointed, "this is delicate equipment. So keep them to yourself."

Megatron felt his core temperature rise, and not with arousal. Steam hissed through his vents, "Then how on Cybertron am I supposed to prepare you?" He frowned. Then pursed his lips thoughtfully, "perhaps my mouth-"

"Keep those jaws away from me," Starscream snarled, but by some miracle, his legs began to open. "I'll prepare myself. Then you can plug in. And be quick about it. I don't want to be here all day..."

"Quick?" Megatron rumbled, only slightly distracted as Starscream began touching himself, long deadly talons careful and deft as they smoothed through the mesh folds of a Starscream's pretty little valve. "Whatever you've heard-"

"I've heard nothing." Starscream arched a brow. "Which isn't particularly promising either."

Megatron scowled, but it was brief. Starscream removed his fingers with a little sigh, and settled back, presenting his valve, glistening wet and clenching. Megatron was drawn in like a magnet.

"Get on with it then." Starscream grumbled.

He was *so* unpleasant about it all any sane mech would have been put off enough to take their attention elsewhere. But not Megatron. To him, Starscream's unpleasantness would only aid in his ability to safeguard their future young.

No one would dare approach a nest guarded by such a deplorably bad tempered carrier.

Spike at the ready, Megatron pressed in, and by some miracle Starscream was soft and wet and ready for him, callipers letting him slip inside with little resistance, clenching and fluttering when his full length was sheathed inside.

He moaned.

"That's it, Starscream, be good for me," he rumbled praisingly, circling his hips and relishing the feel of him.

Starscream made a little noise that might have even been happy.

Megatron purred and started to frag him, and later, when he lowered his guard enough to overload, Starscream only scratched him a little bit.

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Megatron had never seen an egg laid before so of course he was curious.

But Starscream, struggling through contractions and frustrated already, wasn't pleased with him sniffing around. Carriers were naturally defensive of their clutch and territorial over their claimed nesting grounds. Sires weren't supposed to have much interaction with their young until after they'd

hatched, when they could tell for themselves that a hatchling bore their coding, *then* would begin to contribute towards their growth.

Megatron *knew* these eggs were his though. He'd remained close to Starscream's side. He'd made sure of it.

Crouched, breathing harshly, thighs trembling, Starscream hissed when Megatron tried to approach, his helm tilting to see.

He dodged a servo full of deadly claws just in time, growling at Starscream's disrespectful behaviour.

"Get away from my nest!" Starscream spat, but was unable to really chase him away due to his restricted ability to move. He shifted his legs apart and strained. Fluid tracked down his inner thighs.

Megatron looked again, ignoring Starscream's hisses and spits and death threats.

Between his thighs, the first egg was beginning to emerge. It was larger than Megatron would have expected, bringing greater clarity for why Starscream was making such a fuss about his contractions. From what little he could see of the egg it was beige and black, its protective armour panels curved and swirling, like an artistic pattern.

Megatron found himself purring happily.

He reached for it.

And nearly lost his entire servo.

"Starscream!"

"Don't touch it!" Starscream roared, shouting through another contraction as it wracked his frame.

More of the egg emerged, and then with one last push, Starscream's armour locking together with the strain, it fell out, landing with a gentle little thump to the pile of fabrics Starscream was using as a nest. Starscream doubled over and panted in relief.

Before the furious carrier could recover, Megatron reached for it, using long claws to gently roll the egg to the edge of the nest so he could take a closer look. The armour that was its shell shifted ever so slightly under his touch. Megatron ran a claw along its edge and felt spark energy from inside respond shyly to his presence.

He glanced up to make sure he wasn't about to be vivisected, and found Starscream watching him carefully, optics hooded with consideration and tiredness. There was a softness to his expression too. One Megatron hadn't ever seen on him before.

He straightened and sniffed importantly.

"Well go on then," he waved Starscream on, "Out with the rest of them."

The softness vanished. Starscream rolled his optics, looking disgusted, "*Out with the rest of them*!." He muttered. "I'd like to see you try to squeeze a dozen of these things out of your valve..."

Megatron hummed, focusing on the first egg proudly, only half listening to Starscream's whines and huffs as the second egg moved into the birthing channel.

Egg laying took hours, allegedly, and he probably had better things to do than wait around for another eleven equally boring little eggs to drop out of Starscream's valve.

But he'd stay anyway.

Starscream was too proud to ever ask for his help, so he'd simply have to inflict it upon him against his will.

"Hurry up," he said.

Starscream's optics flared and with a snarl of utter fury the second egg dropped out of him with considerably less fuss than the first one had. Megatron rolled that one to the edge of the nest too, letting it rest against its sibling and ignoring Starscream's swears and curses as the third one began to emerge.

Nothing gave Starscream the inspiration to push like the thought of murdering him it seemed.

# Last Night's Lingerie

## Chapter Notes

For the anon that asked for lingerie, among other things ;)

Megatron was no stranger to wild nights and morning regrets. He'd lived a long and varied life after all.

And though last night had been wilder than most, the morning regrets? He couldn't quite bring himself to truly regret them.

Starscream stirred next to him, the glitter from last night's celebration still stuck to his wings and glimmering in the gentle mid-morning light streaming through the half shuttered windows. Megatron rolled his helm across the pillow and watched the dishevelled seeker begin to rouse, his spark feeling three times too big for it's casing.

"Good morning." He murmured, vocaliser croaking and rough from the evening spent cheering and giving unsolicited speeches.

Who would have thought peace would have had him cheering when not so long ago he would have settled for nothing but victory and violence and utter domination.

With an airy sigh, Starscream rolled over, arms stretching above his helm as he yawned. As the covers slipped further down Megatron got a better look at him, realising it wasn't *just* the glitter he was still wearing from the previous evening.

Starscream had chosen to end the evening's celebrations by adding a bit of adventure to their usual love-making.

"You slept in these?" Megatron reached for the thin strip of fabric masquerading as clothing around Starscream's hips, and hooked his finger under it to give it a gentle tug. Starscream's optics reset as he came around a bit more. He glanced down.

"Hmm, you wouldn't let me take them off..." He murmured sleepily, shifting across the berth and moving into his arms.

Megatron wrapped him in an embrace, tucking his face into Starscream's neck as the seeker kissed and nipped at his shoulder. He smelt of last night's party, that musky smell that came from drinking too much and celebrating too hard. Megatron spied a piece of confetti stuck between his wings. He huffed, plucking it out and flicking it away, letting Starscream press their frames more securely together.

He let his servo wander down Starscream's back to play with the delicate fabric, slipping his servos under the sides and stroking at Starscream's full hips. They made a nice v-shape where they settled over Starscream's generous curves.

"I like these." He said.

Starscream hummed, still pressing kisses to his jaw and audial, "It's a fleshling thing."

Megatron blinked slowly, "Oh?"

"Don't think about it too much." Starscream purred, and settled his servos over Megatron's own to keep them in place on his hips. He began to climb over him, straddling him. "You like them, don't you?"

Before he could answer Starscream snapped his valve panel back. The lacy fabric kept most of it hidden from view, but that was appealing in a different way. Lubricant from Starscream's valve began to soak and dampen the fabric. Megatron's engines purred. "I do."

Starscream hummed happily and took Megatron's servo from his hip and guided it to his valve. Megatron cupped it, letting his digits run up and down the damp crease forming down the centre of the fabric as Starscream's softened mesh made it too easy for the garment to climb. Starscream began to rock into his fingers, heedless of how the fabric got in the way, perhaps even enjoying the extra friction it added.

Megatron indulged him for a moment before finally slipping his finger under the sodden material and pulling it out from between the plush folds of Starscream valve. He pinned it to the side, out of the way, then sunk a finger into him.

He felt Starscream clench around it and grind down, taking his shoulders for stability and sighing contently.

Megatron's spike pinged to attention and began to fill. His codpiece opened and he let it emerge. Starscream heard the telling hiss of pressurising protometal and shifting further forward in his lap just so he could rock his aft against it, Megatron could feel the texture of the fabric against his shaft. And the different friction *was* an added experience.

With a groan he pushed at Starscream's hips until the seeker rose enough to allow Megatron the room to manoeuvre and guide his spike into place. Then Starscream sat back again, right down onto his spike, taking his entire length without hesitation. He was tight, and must have felt it as much as Megatron did. He threw his helm back with a breathless noise and Megatron rolled them.

Starscream fell back against the glitter dusted pillows with a little laugh, Megatron on top of him. They'd been enthusiastic and rough last night, so there was no need to hurry things now. Starscream was likely sore, so Megatron was slow, careful, gentle, spending more time stimulating Starscream's glowing anterior node and stroking his glitter dusted wings than chasing his own overload.

When Starscream climaxed with sharp building cries, lubricant rushing from his valve, Megatron pulled out of his valve and ducked his helm and gave Starscream's mesh a good long lick, tasting him, moaning, his thumb still pinning the pretty little panties to the side, out of his way.

"No," Starscream whined, dragging his digits across his helm. "Inside me. Megatron, frag me."

Glossa coated in lubricant, Megatron sucked a little on his node before breathing, "Alright," and rising again, slipping back inside him. Starscream bucked and moaned, melting back against the berth as pleasure took him.

"Megatron."

Megatron hummed to him, kissing his cheek, then his audial, keeping it slow, regardless of Starscream's needy whines. He wanted to savour this moment forever. He wanted this morning to last forever.

He dropped his helm and closed his mouth around a wing edge, making a sloppy dented mess out of

it, tasting the glitter marring them and humming in amusement. Starscream cried out and overloaded again, clenching and bucking and dragging Megatron right down with him.

He held deep and filled Starscream steadily, his spike twitching between pulses of transfluid. Starscream mewled and squirmed at the sensation, clawing at his shoulders, whispering, "Good, so good." And Megatron wanted to give him more. Give him everything.

He shifted and went to pull out, but Starscream's servo on his hip stopped him. "No. This feels nice."

Megatron arched a brow, but stayed, sated and safe inside Starscream, the closest they'd ever be.

"We can do this every day,' Starscream breathed, adjusting the strap of fabric so it lay more comfortably bunched up in the seam of his groin. "No war, no fighting. Just us in this berth-

"-Fragging," Megatron grunted, with a lecherous wink.

Starscream's smile was wry. He kissed Megatron's chin. "-You making me feel this good."

Megatron had to kiss him again, properly, with glossa. He felt himself begin to harden and ground his spike into Starscream's soft, wet, fragged out little valve. Starscream whined into it, valve walls fluttering.

Megatron began to move again. It was slippery and messy but Starscream panted and begged and how could he not? He gripped his wings and used them as handholds, taking him rougher this time, faster, Starscream's wings twinkling in the overhead lights, mesmerising.

They should probably get up, shower off the glitter and face their new war free world, but *this* was so much better.

# Daddy

## Chapter Notes

For anon, who asked for what we all wanted. Daddy kink.

And a special thanks to everyone on twitter who told me to get over myself and just say 'daddy' already.

"Watch out, Screamer," Skywarp stage whispered. "Here comes *daddy*."

The *noise* Starscream made in response to Skywarp's words sounded much like a feral cat being strangled. Megatron had to look up and see what the commotion was, all the while wondering why these pesky seekers always seemed to wait for him to enter a room before starting an argument.

"-told you to shut up about that!" Starscream had Skywarp by the wing and was pulling it at a cruel angle, all while Skywarp laughed nastily through the pain. "You make that joke *one* more time you won't live to regret it!"

With an exasperated optic roll, Megatron detoured from the fuel dispenser and moved to break it up when Skywarp began fighting back. They were shoving each other against the table, knocking over their cubes and spilling fuel and calling one another revolting names.

Megatron gripped then both by the back of the neck and tugged them apart with a stern, "Enough."

Starscream managed to kick Skywarp in the gut one last time before Megatron shook him reproachfully. "He started it!"

Despite wincing at his sore middle, Skywarp laughed and pointed at his air commander. Megatron gave him a rough shake too, until Skywarp was dizzy and disorientated, blinking optics wide and startled.

"You need to remember your place." Megatron warned the purple menace, then glared at Starscream, "and *you*, control your mechs."

"Yes, *sir*," Starscream sneered.

Skywarp was slightly less insubordinate, "Sorry, *sir*."

Megatron looked between their devious, mean faces and released them. "Don't let it happen again."

He moved off, but kept his audials focused in their direction, and was proved right in his suspicions when mere seconds later Skywarp was snickering again, "Someone's in *trouble*~"

"Shut *up*, Skywarp."

"Why? Worried *daddy's* gonna hear-'"

A loud clang rang out, the sound of an open palm hitting a face plate. Megatron turned with a sigh and watched the pair of them grapple and fall to the floor, swearing and spitting and clawing.

Another standard morning in the mess hall...

He was rather curious about this foreign new word; *daddy*, though. And why Starscream's cheeks flushed so bright when Skywarp said it.

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Megatron didn't often ponder things that didn't involve the war and his deserved victory for long, but the mornings mess-hall incident refused to leave his processor.

Starscream was beside him, helm pillowed on Megatron's bicep as he scrolled through some complicated looking equations on a datapad. Megatron brought his arm down to rest his servo atop Starscream's helm. Starscream made a noise to indicate he was listening.

"Your argument with Skywarp?" He began.

Starscream scoffed loudly, scrolling faster, "You should have let me brig him."

"Because he called me 'daddy'?" Megatron asked.

Starscream stiffened against him, scrolling coming to an abrupt stop. "...No."

Unconvinced, Megatron turned onto his side to better look at him. "Is it an insult?"

"Not to you," Starscream grumbled, holding the datapad higher to cover his face. "It's a stupid fleshling thing. It doesn't matter-"

"An affectionate term then," Megatron had grown accustomed to getting information out of Starscream with body language alone. Starscream could be rather closed off verbally, but then, so was he in a lot of ways.

"*Daddy*," he tested it for himself when he didn't receive an answer, seductively lengthening the syllables with his smooth deep rumble.

Starscream shuddered, servos clenched on the lowered datapad. "Stop saying it."

"I like it," Megatron decided -or at least, he liked Starscream's reaction to it, the creak of his digits tightening on the datapad, his bright, far away stare. Megatron tucked himself closer, feeling the warmth of Starscream's armour, growing warmer...

He nosed at the top of Starscream's helm, mouth brushing his audial, "Call me daddy."

The datapad snapped. Starscream's optics shuttered, his mouth pulling down into a despairing frown. Megatron smirked. Starscream knew he was done for.

"You don't even know what it *means*." Starscream hissed.

"I know you like it." Megatron curled his arms around him.

Starscream jerked his helm away from roaming lips. "Stop it, Megatron."

"Daddy," Megatron corrected.



Starscream muttered something about wanting to die and pushed a hand against his face, trying to shove him away.

But Megatron could tell he liked it. He was warm and flustered and squirming in his arms. It was so difficult to get Starscream into a state like this, and Megatron wasn't going to waste that. He spooned Starscream, pulled him flush to his front and massaged fingers into the seams of his hips, mouthing at his wing edge. "Let daddy take care of you..."

Starscream made a noise like a sob, shuddering against him.

"Don't do this to me," he begged.

Megatron kissed his neck sympathetically, knowing how prideful and stubborn Starscream was. "it's only me." He reminded him, rubbing up and down his cockpit soothingly. "No one needs to know."

He dipped his servo lower and slipped it between Starscream's thighs. The damp heat down there had his own array stirring. He began to stroke Starscream, purring, murmuring reassurances until the panel slipped back and he could press in a digit.

Starscream whined, hotter and wetter than Megatron had seen him in a while.

"Ready for daddy?" He asked, unable to repress a smirk as he ground his codpiece against Starscream's aft.

An annoyed slap was dealt to his thigh, "Primus, stop it. Just let it go!"

Megatron had no intention of letting this go.

Releasing his spike, he hitched one of Starscream's long legs up. Starscream pushed his aft back, making the angle easier, and Megatron slipped in with a grunt, then sigh. Starscream gasped and shifted. Megatron moved with him, climbing over him when Starscream rolled into his front and gripped the pillows.

The new angle meant Megatron could sink deeper, take more. Starscream moaned long and low, wings shuddering and flicking in time to the twitches of his valve.

"You're so good for me, Starscream," Megatron praised, fragging him nice and gently, "So good for daddy-"

Starscream fist slammed against the headboard, "Primus-!"

The power this word seemed to have over Starscream was phenomenal, and Megatron relished it, over-used it perhaps, but it was worth it to watch Starscream blush and whine and squirm and protest with gasping, halfhearted, 'shut up's and insults.

When Starscream was on the cusp, both hands gripping the headboard and face shoved into the pillows to muffle his cries and mewls, Megatron dipped his helm, rocking his hips fast against Starscream's aft, and whispered-

"Let daddy see you overload."

And Starscream *did*. With a broken noise, entire frame stiffening before melting with ecstasy. Megatron felt every one of his twitches and shudders as climax shoot through his lithe frame. He rode Starscream through it, dragging it out for him until he collapsed limply in the aftermath, strutless and weak.

Starscream turned his face out of the pillow, just to breathe, optics dim and face slack with pleasure. In his undone, vulnerable, defeated state, he met Megatron's gaze and whimpered a desperate, weak, "*Daddy*."

Megatron's climax hit him like a punch to the gut. He grunted, surprised, overloading with wild jerks into Starscream's limp frame. Starscream laid there, compliant and soft, watching lazily. Megatron moaned as he came down, letting himself linger inside Starscream for a moment before easing himself out.

He pressed a kiss to a Starscream wing, then dropped heavily to the side.

A moment passed, then Starscream was shuffled over, cuddling up to his chest.

Starscream nuzzled the side of his helm affectionately, lips brushing his audial.

"Tell anyone and I'll kill you." He threatened, deadly serious.

Megatron didn't dare react beyond tucking him closer and letting him have that last word.

He still wasn't entirely sure what this 'daddy' word meant, but he certainly enjoyed hearing Starscream call him it.

# Protective

## Chapter Notes

For another anon, who asked for a protective Megatron, which I love. So then plot happened, and this one is therefore a bit longer than usual. Sorry

It's pre-relationship, with a smidgen of pining and denial. ;)

The week started, as all did, with a scout mission.

Starscream, as he always did, volunteered to take the lead- whatever got him off the ship and away from Megatron for a cycle or too.

"There and back," Megatron levelled him with a glare, looming over the conference table as he slid Starscream the mission report. Starscream veered away from him distastefully, wondering why Megatron had no sense of personal space. "No detours."

"Of course." He purred, deciding that was more of a suggestion than an order when he saw the patrol route shot right by a trading outpost. He needed some decent polish. He was sick of mixing his own scentless alternative in the lab.

Megatron was looking at him like he knew, but said nothing. Which was as good as permission in his books.

"There and back." He smiled nastily.

Megatron gave a long suffering sigh but moved on, and Starscream took the patrol route and carefully adjusted the schedule to include a short stop over.

They set out that evening, him and the Cone-heads. Thundercracker and Skywarp had given him the same long suffering look Megatron had in the conference room when he offered to switch them out.

They didn't have as much reason to avoid the ship as he did.

"See you in a couple days." Skywarp shot him a finger gun. "And if you do go to you-know-where to get some you-know-what, don't forget the extra for you-know-who." He thumbed back at himself.

Starscream snorted. He'd bring back as much polish as he could fit in his subspace and he'd be sharing *none*.

As selfish as he was, Starscream knew a mission was priority over his own wants and needs. He completed Megatron's orders first, patrolling the route ahead, scanning for foreign vessels and loitering pirates. Satisfied the way was clear, he felt justified in making his stop at the outpost on the way back.

"*Simple there had back, huh?*" Ramjet asked snidely over the comm. when Starscream lead them off route towards the station.

"A secondary objective." Starscream lied. "You're not privy to *all* of Megatron's orders, Ramjet."

That soon shut him up.

They landed and Starscream ordered them to remain by the docks and comm if they saw anything suspicious. This wasn't a place known for Autobot visitors, but it wasn't exactly safe for Decepticons either. Insignia wearing soldiers were a target wherever they went in this galaxy.

The clerk recognised him from previous visits, and quickly rolled out a crate of crystal wax polish. Expensive stuff, imported all the way from the Rezese system.

"I'll take it." He agreed, paying whatever the clerk asked for with his subspace full of shanix. They weren't his anyway. Megatron should learn to lock his office.

His comm blinked just as he was about to begin stuffing the polishes into his subspace. He onlined it with a snappish, "What?!"

*"We have to go now,"* Ramjet's voice crackled with static and stress. *"An Autobot ship just docked on the south side-"*

Starscream didn't hear the rest. *He* was on the south side. He bundled as much of the polishes as he could into his arms, mournfully leaving the rest. He turned to the clerk, "Do you have a back entrance?"

The clerk shrugged unhelpfully, just as the entrance door swooped open with a beep. What sounded like a dozen weapons clicked online. Starscream cringed, and turned slowly, arms still bundled with polish.

A gestalt of Autobot's glared back at him, rough and ready to throw down.

Starscream let the polishes tumble from his arms and raised his servos.

"Screamer," One of them grunted distastefully, recognising him.

"Now boys, there's more than enough for everyone," Starscream nodded his helm towards the polish containers. "I'm a generous mech, and I know charity cases when I see them."

The Autobot's offended frowns dropped to glance at their own, less than pristine bodywork. And it was all the distraction Starscream needed.

He hooked a toe-pede under the nearest polish and kicked it up into the an Autobot's face. The fancy glass container shattered in his optics and he cried out, weapon going off and scorching the floor.

In that very next instant Ramjet and his trine came barrelling through the entrance behind them like a cabal of lunatics. He and Thrust rammed into the backs of the Autobot's like a pair of bumper cars and they all fell to the floor, a mess of fists, weapons, and smashed polish.

Starscream knew he should have just run for it, but he'd come all this way. He stopped to pick up a polish container, just one, and the delay was all the time an un-tackled Autobot needed to shoot him.

The blast hit him in the cockpit and he flew backwards. The last thing he saw, before self repair threw him into emergency stasis, was the polish container smashed to pieces on the floor next to him.

An explosion shook the floor, like a fusion blast, but by then he was already unconscious.

---

Whatever Starscream liked to believe, Megatron *wasn't* stupid.

"We'll rendezvous with him," he told Soundwave, resetting their course so they'd cross paths with Starscream's returning scout party and ideally catch him in the act of some unscheduled mischief.

Soundwave sent him a Look, somehow expressing his exasperation perfectly through both mask and visor. He preferred straight forward methods. If Megatron knew Starscream was disobeying orders why allow him to continue doing so? Why reactive methods, instead of preventative?

Megatron's only excuse was that it was funner this way around. Though he did wonder himself why he didn't simply smack Starscream around the back of the helm and demote him most days...

It was no surprise to him when Starscream failed show up on their scopes- which meant he'd taken a different course. Which *meant*, despite Megatron's orders, he'd taken a detour. Again.

Megatron sighed deeply and had Soundwave seek out Ramjet's frequency.

"Sir." He answered on the first ping.

"Where are you?" Megatron breathed wearily.

Ramjet sounded sheepish when he responded. "*Nerex trading port, my liege. The Commander claimed those were your orders.*"

Megatron snorted loudly, but refrained from ranting about Starscream's lies and trickery to a subordinate. "Hold your position. We're not far from your coordinates."

"Yes sir," Ramjet sounded gleeful, perhaps because he was excited to see how much trouble Starscream was in first hand. Megatron rolled his optics, dismissive of their rivalry.

Sadly, he hadn't much time at all to stew in what a unpleasant lying sneak Starscream was and what he was going to do with him, when Ramjet was calling him back.

"What's he done now?"

"*There's a problem.*" Ramjet said in a rush. "*Autobots-*"

"-Where's Starscream?" Megatron interrupted, already glancing around the bridge for Skywarp. He spotted him poking at a monitor screen, bored, and snapped his digits, furiously beckoning him over. Skywarp scrambled to obey. "Ramjet?!"

"*Cornered on the south side,*" The comm crackled with wind, Ramjet was obviously in flight. "*Outnumbered-*"

Megatron seized Skywarp's wrist in a harsh grip when he reached him. The seeker winced, but didn't shove him off. "What-?"

"Nerex trading port. South side. You know it?"

"Yeah I-"

"Teleport, now."

Skywarp did, unquestioningly. The cool dark lighting of the *Nemesis's* bridge disappeared and Megatron was on the brightly lit deck of a space port, hundreds of miles away, unfamiliar stars glittering overhead.

His reserve trine landed on the other side of the dock from him. Ramjet pointed towards the building he'd landed in front of. Just as a blaster went off inside.

"What are you waiting for?" Megatron bellowed, activating his fusion canon as he rushed to catch up, Skywarp following. "Go!"

Ramjet and Thrust, perhaps more scared of *him* than they were the Autobots, barged in through the door, clumsy and haphazard, tackling half of the gathered mob of Autobots to the ground. Dirge scrambled after them, shooting hastily.

Cannon charged, Megatron chose a more direction route than the door. He raised it and blew half the wall down.

Dust clouded the air, turning both Autobots and seekers into indistinguishable shadows. Megatron strode through the wreckage, effortlessly punching down one of the biggest Autobots when they lifted their weapon to shoot at Skywarp.

It was a gestalt of six, so they should have been evenly numbered, but as the dust cleared, Megatron couldn't see Starscream. For a moment he thought the little coward had run off to avoid the fight-

*Then* he saw him. Starscream splayed and limp on the ground, cockpit smashed and smoking.

With a roar Megatron twisted and snatched the nearest Autobot by the chest plating, crumpling thick armour like it was foil under his digits. He lifted and threw the Autobot with one arm, sending him through what remained of the building's wall. He tore the arm off another, and grabbed one that had tackled Dirge and hauled them up, just to slam them back into the ground, face first.

He set his optics on another Autobot and it screamed in unparalleled terror and started running for the exit. Megatron picked up something that looked like it had been a support beam and moved to give chase, when Skywarp called for him.

Chest heavy, emotions frayed, Megatron looked back at the dusty seekers bent over their fallen commander. Skywarp looked worried, but hopeful.

Megatron thought his voice was going to crack when he asked, "He's-?"

"Unconscious." Skywarp nodded, lifting Starscream carefully. Unsupported, his helm hung back lifelessly. It made something in Megatron's chest pang.

Rather than let the seekers carry him, Megatron came forward, his superior strength allowing him to lift Starscream effortlessly and securely, bringing him up to his chest.

His dark face was marred with a splatter on energon and what looked like polish, his lips parted and optics black.

Megatron shifted him so his helm would rest against his shoulder.

Skywarp touched Starscream's limp arm, "Let's go."

---

When Starscream woke up in the medbay of the *Nemesis* some unidentifiable time later, he was surprised to find himself alive and well.

"I'm as surprised as you are," Megatron's voice rumbled from the side. And not a second later did his ugly frowning face appear over him. He looked tired and worn, like he hadn't been recharging. "That Primus would *bother* preserving the life of such a disobedient delinquent."

Starscream ignored him. He rubbed at his cockpit. The glass was smooth and smudge free. Brand new.

There was a greater concern on his processor though. "The polish?"

Megatron snorted aggressively. "You risked the mission, risked yourself for a container of polish."

"I was buying in bulk." Starscream defended, because he wasn't that stupid.

"Then I regret to inform you that the polish didn't make it." Megatron said nastily.

Which made the whole fiasco entirely pointless. Starscream folded his servos and sulked. Back to the lab mixed polish that smelt vaguely of engine grease then.

Megatron sighed heavily then, looking aside like he was despairing of himself. Starscream watched him reach into his subspace and pull out a container of the polish.

"Liar!" Starscream pointed a digit at him, leaping up to snatch it off him.

Megatron held it above his helm with a glare. "I confiscated it off Dirge." He said, rolling it between his digits teasingly. "What makes you think I'll allow you to keep it instead? After this train-wreck, no less."

Starscream honestly couldn't think of a good reason beyond that he wanted it, and it'd vastly improve his mood. He pouted.

Megatron's expression seemed caught somewhere between disgust and resignation. With a self reprimanding grumble, he lowered the polish. Starscream snatched it right out of his servo without so much as a thank you. He hurriedly hid it in his subspace before Megatron could change his mind.

"Your vanity is becoming troublesome, Starscream." Megatron levelled a dangerous finger at him. "I never again want to hear of a scouting mission going so awry because my lieutenant detoured to pick up cosmetics."

"Why?" Starscream sat up and smirked at him. "Were you *worried*?"

Megatron's mouth flattened into a stiff line. He said nothing.

Starscream felt a little flutter of warmth in his chest. He looked aside, "At least we got a few dead Autobots out of it?"

Megatron snorted. "Your cockpit was the only casualty."

Well, that was embarrassing. "Are you serious?"

"We were rather preoccupied with your state." Megatron growled defensively.

Starscream opened his mouth to complain, then snapped it shut when he caught what Megatron had said. "We? You were there?"

Megatron straightened with a frown. "You were lucky I was close by."

Starscream squinted at him, not sure he entirely believed that. "You really *were* worried..."

"Don't flatter yourself." Megatron stood, ready to leave. "And new cockpits aren't easy to get hold of. So do *try* to keep yourself out of trouble."

Starscream would have had a few witty come backs for that, but he was too distracted by the odd warmth he could hear in Megatron's tone.

Like he was fond...

"I'll try." He said, without any of his usual sass.

It was enough to give Megatron pause. He looked back at him thoughtfully. Starscream thought he was going to say something else, *hoped* he would.

But he didn't. His helm dropped to the floor and he left. Starscream watched him go, tanks tingling.

Perhaps he'd just found himself a whole new reason for getting into trouble...



# Megatron Vs The Sex Toy

## Chapter Notes

An anon asked for something with toys. So here's Starscream with a false spike and Megatron's ego suffering for it.

Seekers being notoriously high maintenance had always sounded like simple prejudice to Megatron. He'd heard it a few times, usually from the mouth of some miner, who knew another miner, that knew someone smooth enough to have landed a seeker (literally), and therefore it was Primus given *fact* that all seekers, everywhere, were frisky, oversexed, wanton, rutting machines that could give any high tech pleasure drone a run for it's warranty.

Megatron had heard a lot of nonsense during his youth down in the mines, so he took little notice.

Until Starscream, who he took a *lot* of notice of.

He would never be so rude as to call Starscream a 'rutting machine', or compare him to some of the more expensive models of pleasure drones, but he certainly couldn't recall a scenario where Starscream had lacked an iota of enthusiasm for interfacing. Morning, noon, and night. On shift, off shift, on base, off base- there was no time, no place, no situation Starscream deemed impractical enough not to go ahead and snap his panel back.

And Megatron wasn't complaining at all.

Not when all it took was a Look and Starscream would preen and smirk and spread his full, shapely thighs for him. All for him.

Solvent rushing down their frames from the shower nozzle made everything more slippery, but Starscream's grip on the tiled wall was sure, his gasps encouraging, wings shuddering with every stroke of Megatron's spike in his valve. He pressed his face to the tile and moaned, twitching with pleasure when Megatron grunted and spilled inside him.

Megatron savoured the flutter and hitch of wings against his chest, massaging Starscream's hips, before loosening his grip.

Starscream hummed happily, "Good?"

"Perfect," Megatron praised, and nipped his wing. "I'm afraid have work this evening though. I won't be able to make time for you."

Starscream turned his helm and pouted, "All evening? Not even five minutes spare?"

Megatron rumbled, pressing him more firmly to the wall, his spike wanting to stiffen again, "You know neither of us would be satisfied with just five minutes."

Starscream made a quiet huffing noise. "Fine. I'll have to keep myself entertained then."

Megatron nipped at his neck again, less gently this time. He rather liked the thought of Starscream alone and frustrated and thinking of him all night. "You'll be fine."

He left Starscream to sulk and went on with his work, late into the evening without thinking about his dejected seeker too much. Without the distraction of wings and smirks and full hips, he was more productive than usual and was pleased to realise he'd finished earlier than anticipated.

He checked his chrono.

There was time to see Starscream after all.

He marched with purpose to the command quarters, where his and his lieutenant's rooms lay. Passing his own he went straight for Starscream's door, entering the code and stepping in as the door swept open.

Unsurprisingly, Starscream was still awake.

Again unsurprisingly, he was keeping himself entertained.

Starscream froze where he was suspended kneeling over a false spike, his base secured in place by a magnetic lock to the hard top of his berth. He was out of breath, vents roaring, cheeks aflame.

"Megatron," he exhaled, then surprise transmuted easily into joy. "I knew you couldn't stay away."

Megatron decided not to be thrown by his own surprise, even when Starscream rose off the spike and revealed its full impressive length. He couldn't stop staring at it, glistening wet and standing tall, even as Starscream scrambled over to throw his arms around him and kiss him.

He kissed back mechanically, waiting for Starscream to break away before asking, "That's a large toy."

Starscream didn't pick up on his peevishness. He smiled, bright and dazzlingly, "It has to be. It's got a lot to live up to."

Megatron felt his chest swell with pride. He sniffed at the now neglected toy and let Starscream fuss and flirt with him, taking his hips possessively and giving them a squeeze.

Starscream led him to the berth, and Megatron took the fake spike and yanked it off, tossing it carelessly to the side. Starscream glanced at it, frowning at the disregard for his property, but Megatron was already pushing him down, bending him over.

The false spike had done most of the work for him, so he pressed inside eagerly, relishing Starscream's whine and gasp. Feeling a little irrationally possessive, he fragged Starscream roughly, satisfied with nothing less than yelps and cries and fast relentless pace. When he climaxed he bit Starscream's neck hard, growling, and he felt Starscream's shudder with his own overload.

He pulled out and fell to the side. Starscream's wings flicked and twitched now they had room too. He shifted around restlessly. Never easily worn out, this one.

Megatron meanwhile always felt the growing haze of drowsiness after his climax. He grunted reproachfully at all the squirming and fidgeting.

"Go to recharge."

Starscream glanced at him and shuffled closer, nuzzling in. Megatron enjoyed the warm weight of him beside him and the way Starscream stroked his chest, following the swirling pattern of the markings there.

It was always so easy for him to recharge with Starscream next to him...

It was some hours later, and he wasn't sure what had woken him before morning, perhaps some underlying suspicion, but he heard a noise and forced aside drowsiness to crack open an optic.

Starscream was no longer in berth with him.

He was on the other side of the room, bowed over his desk, breathing harshly, wings shuddering and swaying. His thighs were parted and in the dark Megatron could barely see but he was *sure* that was the fake spike!

"Starscream?"

Starscream jumped with a yelp, yanking the toy from his valve and twisting to hide it behind his back. "You're awake," he squeaked, doing a poor job of not sounding guilty.

"And you're using that spike again." Megatron's optics narrowed, pointing.

Starscream glanced back at it, "...You were asleep."

"I'm not now."

Starscream didn't move to come over.

"...You're tired."

"I'm not." Megatron's optics narrowed further, his temper beginning to rise as jealousy reared its ugly head. "How long have you had that thing?"

Starscream didn't answer, which was damning enough.

Megatron began to rise. Starscream shielded his ridiculous fake spike, "Don't Megatron, it's just a toy-"

"A toy you prefer over me by all appearances," Megatron snarled.

"That's not true!" Starscream made a disgusted noise of disbelief and slapped him with his only weapon at hand. The spike.

Megatron had honestly never been slapped with a false spike before. He stopped in his tracks, needing a moment to recollect his thoughts. Starscream shuffled his pedes awkwardly.

Megatron sighed, "...What does that thing have that I don't?"

"It vibrates." Starscream didn't even hesitate.

Megatron blinked. "What?"

"It vibrates." Starscream repeated, bravely lifting the spike and showing the feature in question near its tip. "It's quick, and I, I just have more... frustrations to burn off than you."

Megatron understood that, he did, but, "I can take care of-"

"Five times a night?" Starscream brandished the spike at him. "I count myself lucky if you don't fall

asleep ten minutes after you overload *once*."

Megatron was about to argue that he didn't fall asleep *that* fast when he realised, "What do you mean five times!? You do this often? When I'm recharging?"

Starscream's wings dropped down with shame. "You don't usually wake up..."

Megatron thought back to those rumours of seeker libido, and wondered why he hadn't seen this coming. He glanced at the false spike again, then held out his servo. Reluctantly, Starscream handed it over.

"I suppose I should have known I could never keep up with you," he lamented, turning the spike over in his servo. "I certainly don't have the capacity to service you five times at night-"

"I don't expect-"

Megatron held out a servo to stop him, "- with *my* spike, at least." He looked at the toy again, "but I have other means of bringing you pleasure, and I'm sure I can figure out how *this* works."

Starscream blinked stupidly, "You-?"

Megatron found the button for the vibration setting. He turned it on, and the spike hummed to life.

"Get back on the berth." He ordered.

Starscream tripped over himself to obey.

# 'I'm Sorry' Sex

## Chapter Notes

For Mostly-Him on tumblr (who I am the BIGGEST fan of like whoa) who asked for Megatron being wrong (like always) and having to try and make it up to Starscream.

I almost titled this one: 'Megatron Is An Idiot'

The mistake, Megatron realised, had been trusting Starscream in the first place.

"I *didn't* take it!" Starscream got right up in his face and snarled, furious, shaking with emotion.

"You think I allow just anyone access to my quarters?" Megatron thundered, not backing down in the slightest. He loomed over Starscream's shorter stature, using every inch and tonne he had over him to his advantage. "Fusion cannon's don't just wander off!"

"You've left it somewhere!" Starscream jabbed him in the chest. "How is that my fault?"

Megatron lifted his servos because he wanted to *strangle* him, not just over the missing/obviously stolen fusion cannon but because he had been stupid enough to trust the least trustworthy mech in the entire universe. And why? Because he'd winked at him? Because he'd liked the way his wings fluttered in the low light?

Because he'd been thinking with his spike instead of his head!?

"If it isn't recovered by this time tomorrow, you'll-"

"What?!" Starscream demanded, "You'll punish me? Oh, I'm *scared* now."

"Don't sass me-"

"You've got some nerve." Starscream's denta were bared viciously, and Megatron wondered how he could keep his act so very convincing despite the lies. "You drag me back here and frag me and coo over me like you care about me, then as soon as you've blown your load you decide I'm a traitor again-"

Megatron felt heat blossom through his chest. "I *trusted* you-"

"I *trusted you!*" Starscream bellowed back, voice cracking with emotion. He shoved Megatron in the chest, not hard enough to unbalance him, but enough to create a loud bang against the metal. "You big--- *jerk!*"

Megatron watched him storm out melodramatically, frowning and rubbing his chest. It ached, and not from the shove.

Blasted seeker. All this time he thought he'd been taking steps forward with Starscream only now to realise they'd been moving in the complete opposite direction. What would Starscream even *want* with his fusion cannon? Was it just a stupid game to him, seduce his way into Megatron's quarters to see how close he could get? To rearrange his possessions and hide his weaponry?

It was an awful end to what had been a... a surprisingly peaceful night. Starscream in his lap, touching him, letting himself be touched in turn. There'd been kisses and more, and a warm, contented seeker falling asleep in Megatron's arms...

'*I trusted you!*' Had been Starscream's departing jab.

Perhaps he had been too aggressive in his accusations...

No. Starscream needed to learn it didn't matter how much fun he was in berth he wasn't going to get away with his scrap anymore. Megatron ignored the niggles of guilt that wanted him to find his second and make amends. *He* hadn't been the one to ruin their perfect night.

Megatron continued to ignore the guilt during refuelling, when Starscream sat on the other side of the mess, alone and scowling at his cube, refusing to touch it. He continued ignoring it throughout the day shift, when Starscream didn't even bother showing up for his duties. He even ignored it when Soundwave came to hand him a damage report, and inform him exasperatingly that Starscream had decided to destroy his lab in a fit of rage.

Starscream's childish tantrums weren't going to win this.

Pacing in his room, Megatron knew he had to stay strong. He wouldn't let Starscream win. He wouldn't bend first-

His door comm pinged. Megatron looked up, hopeful. He had few callers after shift, which meant it was more likely to be a personal visit, more likely to be *Starscream*.

He hadn't realised how high his spark had soared until it fell crashing back down again when he opened the door not to Starscream, but Rumble and Frenzy.

Who were holding.

His.

Fusion.

Cannon.

Rumble and Frenzy held it up between them, smiling, oblivious to his alarms starting to go off in Megatron's processor.

"Where...?"

"Boss had it sent over to Cybertron," Frenzy supplied, brushing a servo over the cannon's shiny barrel. "For maintenance n' stuff."

"Yeah, he realised after a couple months of you saying you were gonna do it and then not doing it, that you weren't gonna do it. So he did it."

The alarms in Megatron's processor were getting louder, and louder, repeatedly screaming '*You-fragged-up. You-fragged-up. You-fragged-up*' over and over, faster and faster.

Megatron gripped the doorframe, shuttering his optics slowly.

"You don't like it?" One of the twins asked, worried.

"It's fine." Megatron pinched the bridge of his nose. "The cannon. Is. Fine."

"You're not though."

Megatron snapped his optics online and glared at them. They looked sheepish, and amused. "What's wrong, bigger boss?"

Megatron was so desperate, he couldn't believe he was actually about to ask the advice of these two.

"Do either of you know what seekers happen to like? In terms of gifts? Decent gifts?"

The twins shared equally unhelpful clueless looks.

Oh no, Megatron realised, leaning against the doorframe.

He was actually going to have to *apologise*.

---

Starscream was in the sparring room, kicking the ever loving scrap out of an already broken drone, ignoring it's beeps of defeat, smashing again and again and again, grunting and huffing with exertion. He was likely imagining the broken pieces were Megatron's face.

Knowing this, Megatron paused in the doorway, wondering if he was about to take his life into his own servos.

He cleared his vocaliser, "Starscream-?"

Starscream turned at his voice and glared, shoulders heaving furiously. Instead of jumping down his throat and making a second attempt at their earlier shouting match, he began stalking away. Not a good sign.

Megatron chased after him. "Don't be a brat, Starscream, I want to-"

"Accuse me some more?!" Starscream twisted and shouted, causing Megatron to skid to a halt. "You found it, didn't you?"

Megatron exhaled and looked at the floor.

"I *knew* it." Starscream hissed, coming back over. "That better be why you're here, to apologise."

Megatron bit his cheek and summoned his pride, reminding himself that although Starscream infuriated him when he was like this, he *had* been in the wrong, and he'd hurt Starscream's feelings.

And for the first time he was realising Starscream even had feelings that didn't revolve around anger and lust and greed.

"I apologise." He said with a great release of air.

Predictably, Starscream snorted, turning to leave anyway, "Not good enough."

Megatron caught his wrist before he could, trying to stop him, "Starscream-"

"I don't care-"

"*Starscream-!*"

"I don't *care*-!"

Megatron was above begging. In most situations.

This wasn't one of them.

"Starscream, please," He dropped to his knees, Starscream's servo still clasped in his, and pulled the most desperate, profound expression he could. He kissed Starscream's clenched fist and tried to reel him in with it. Starscream looked disgusted, but went with it, shuffling closer but refusing to look at him.

"Pathetic." He muttered.

Megatron managed to get him close enough to take his hips instead of his servo. He wrapped his arms around him, pushing his face against his cockpit, kissing him there too.

Starscream shifted. "If you're trying to seduce me-"

Megatron kissed him again, purring, hoping he *could* seduce him. "I'm sorry." He said again, more clearly.

Starscream didn't respond for a while. But one of his servos dropped to Megatron's helm, stroked it softly.

"Say you're stupid." He said after a moment.

Megatron's pride wasn't strong enough to overcome the painful emotion in his spark. "I'm stupid."

Starscream smiled, smug and stupid. He petted Megatron's helm more indulgently now, "Well, I suppose since you are *so very* stupid, I can forgive this-"

Megatron rose quickly and caught him in a kiss, rough and needy. He could feel Starscream smile against it. Unable to help himself he grabbed Starscream by the hips and hoisted him up into his arms.

Starscream laughed and locked his limbs around him, letting him carry him. "What are you doing?"

"I've a few more apologies to make." Megatron told him, kissing him briefly but firmly.

Starscream seemed happy with that. "You trust me enough in your room again?"

"I might never let you *out* of my room again," Megatron purred, kissing him again.

They didn't quite make it back to the room though. Fortunately Starscream didn't mind getting pinned to the sparring room floor too much, broken drone pieces lying around them.

Hearing Megatron call himself stupid seemed to have put him in a good enough mood to suffer anything. Megatron would have to remember that.



# An Anti-Overload Device

## Chapter Notes

For another anon, for asked for a hyper sensitive Starscream and a little premature problem.

"I don't last long," is what Starscream admitted to him the first time they ended up in a berth together. A brave admission from a creature as prideful as Starscream.

Unlike Starscream, Megatron *did* last long, but he remembered telling his new partner that it was no bother. They could work something out-

And had ducked his helm between Starscream's spread thighs, taken one appreciative look at that pretty, fine little valve, exhaled heavily with keen arousal, and blinked in surprise when suddenly there was a hitch of breath and lubricant everywhere.

"Don't last long indeed," he observed, lifting his helm to peer at what he could see of Starscream's mortified face behind the servos covering it.

It wasn't much of a surprise to him for Starscream to excuse himself for the washracks and then *never come back*. He probably should have just let it be, any other mech might have. But he enjoyed Starscream's company (bizarrely) and he wanted to enjoy him in a berth too. Wanted them to enjoy each other.

Pre-mature overloading be damned.

Luring Starscream back into his berth hadn't been too difficult, Starscream was still grumpy and angry and suspicious, but clearly found Megatron just as appealing as Megatron found him, and word of his little problem had yet to make it into the cruel Decepticon rumour mill. So he trusted him -which was more than Megatron would have ever expected to get from him.

They had no trouble rolling across the berth kissing, no trouble whispering dirty promises into one another audials, no problem when Starscream touched his spike and brought it to fullness.

But as soon as Starscream's panels opened-

"No-!" He whimpered, gripping the berth sheets and clenching his jaw, trying to fight back his point of no return when all Megatron had done was stroke a thumb over his opening. "No I-"

Lubricant gushed from his valve and he went limp with a sob. Megatron struggled not to let his disappointment show.

It was the sort of thing couples should have be able to discuss together, but Starscream was stubborn and embarrassed and didn't *want* to talk about it. He'd rather throw out some stupid excuse and hide down by the engines for the rest of the night. Apparently, he didn't have a particularly swift refractory period. Which meant his one unsatisfactorily pre-mature overload, was his *only* overload.

Megatron wasn't giving up on him though.

"Shockwave." He called his sub-commander on Cybertron, keeping his tone stiff and formal, like he wasn't about to ask anything out of the ordinary. "I have a task for you, the creation of vastly important device."

Shockwave leant into the monitor, the keen scientist in him quick to show interest. "Of course, Lord Megatron. It would be my honour."

Megatron doubted that, but Shockwave had already agreed. It was too late for him to back out now.

---

Two weeks later, when the device finally arrived, Megatron waited no time before seeking Starscream out. He was in his lab, splicing wires together, and sighed heavily when he saw Megatron's approach.

Despite the less than enthusiastic greeting, Megatron stalked in close and wrapped his arms around Starscream's middle, pulling him back from the work bench and into his chest. "I have a surprise for you," he whispered huskily,

Starscream squirmed. "If it's your spike, I really don't think-"

"Two surprises then." Megatron corrected. "My spike and an extra little something for you."

Starscream wasn't biting though. "You know what happens-"

"It won't happen."

"It will," Starscream sounded annoyed. "It always happens."

"Come with me and see for yourself." Megatron pushed his mouth against Starscream's neck and kissed him. "Then you can decide if you want to try it out."

Starscream pouted down at his half finished weaponry.

"..Fine."

---

Starscream sat in the centre of his berth, legs stretched out before him, looking nervous. Megatron knelt in front of him and leant in to give him a reassuring kiss.

"It'll be fine." He said, and removed the new device from his subspace. "This is for you."

Cautiously, Starscream took it. It looked like a magnet, and that's probably what Starscream assumed it was. He turned it over in his servos, brow arched. "What's this for? My laboratory's sample fridge?"

"No," Megatron took it back and nudged Starscream back a little bit. "It's for you."

Starscream continued looking worried, so Megatron didn't just slap it on him and activate it. He

pushed at one of his thighs, "You'll need to open your panel and put it on yourself."

Now Starscream looked *really* worried. "I don't think adding toys is going to stop me overloading over as little as a over a light breeze."

"It's not a toy." Megatron held it up again. "It'll attach to the mesh above your node, where it sends a pulse into your internal array."

"A pulse?" Starscream looked between the device and his valve panel. "And offline the sensors? So I won't feel anything?"

Megatron snorted, "Where would the fun be in that? No, it'll either prevent you from overloading until it's removed, or..."

"Or what?"

Megatron recalled what Shockwave had begrudgingly told him. "Or repeatedly give you smaller overloads over an extended period of time."

"Gimme that!" Starscream snatched it out of his servo and threw his panel open. Megatron blinked in surprise to realise Starscream already had it on himself. He watched Starscream shudder, his anterior node pulsed then swelled.

"Ooh," Starscream moaned.

Megatron's felt his array ping online fast and hard. He began to crawl over Starscream. "How does it feel?"

"Like I'm about to overload." Starscream murmured, optics shuttered, "I don't think it'll-"

Megatron rubbed his thumb over Starscream's anterior node, and the seeker arched his back with another moan, but didn't overload.

"I think it works perfectly." He grunted, and released his spike.

"Oh Megatron it's really good," Starscream warbled on the berth.

Megatron dipped his helm to his valve and licked over him, tasting him for the first time, all his rich warm lubricant. Starscream jolted then mewled, begging for more, more, more.

Megatron lapped at him, letting his glossa slip between the folds and press into his tight rippling valve. Starscream bucked against his face, claws ripping the berth sheets.

His anterior node seemed to pulse and fade, and pulse and fade, like he was on the cusp but kept coming back. The device holding him in place, just edging him. Megatron groaned and kissed up his shuddering partner's frame, pulling Starscream's legs aside, letting his heavy spike sway and brush Starscream's groin.

"I need, I need to-" Starscream was panting listlessly.

"You can wait for your overload for once." Megatron told him, dropping his hips so his spike bumped and rubbed Starscream's valve, letting him feel the heat of his stiff, hard array. "You're long overdue a good fragging."

Starscream was nodding listlessly, his legs opening obscenely wide. "Please, please Megatron."

Megatron held his spike and pressed into Starscream with a grunt at the tightness. Starscream cried out again, frame rippling and clenching. Megatron rocked in, waiting for the resistance to let up before slipping his full length inside the seeker. Starscream probably hadn't experienced a penetration like this for a while thanks to his little problem, so Megatron moved slowly, made sure to savour it for both of them.

He fragged Starscream in varying paces, slow and gentle, then fast and sharp, always stopping just before overload, edging himself as much as the device seemed to be Starscream.

He had no idea how long they were at it for, by the time Starscream was a drooling, listlessly moaning mess he decided he'd wait no longer. Without any warning to Starscream, he flicked the device off him.

Starscream stiffened with surprise and then let out the longest, most desperate noise Megatron might have ever heard, guttural and animalistic. His entire frame locked with the most intense overload Megatron had ever seen anyone have, surging through the air around him, pulse after pulse, lasting and lasting.

Megatron let himself go in the middle of it, watching Starscream writhe and thrash, holding deep and pumping into him, breathing his name.

When it was all over, Starscream was still and quiet on his berth, optics offline and breathing heavy. Megatron laid himself gently down on top of him.

"...Did you overload?" Starscream asked weakly, blinking dazedly.

"Yeah," Megatron huffed.

"Good," Starscream said unevenly, "Don't lose that thing."

"I won't." Megatron promised.

# Deathbed Admissions

## Chapter Notes

This one's for tibra17, who thought maybe a terminal diagnosis might encourage a little ridiculous boldness out of one of them.

"Nothing more we can do but wait," the medics words didn't quite reach Starscream's audials. They were faraway, muffled, like he was in a vacuum of sound.

*Nothing more we can do*

Starscream left the medcentre in a trance. Dying. He was dying. After everything he had suffered through, everything he had achieved and lost and then scraped back together again, this was his undoing? An obstructed spark chamber? A tiny smudge on a scan?

He didn't go home to his half unpacked apartment in the rebuilt part of the city. It was a nice place, high up, with a view- nicer than anything he'd had in a while. But it wasn't where he wanted to die, if the medic's time line turned out to be accurate, he didn't have long. He headed East instead, to the opposite side of the city, where those having trouble 'adjusting' to the peace were being dumped (though Prime claimed it was just because it was quieter, peaceful, being away from the bustle of returning transports and construction work).

There was only one mech that lived on this side of the city that Starscream knew, personally, but that was where his legs seemed to be taking him, and for some reason he didn't mind much at all.

Megatron was home, though no would have guessed it. The apartment was dark, no light streaming out through the shuttered windows. The door slid open and all Starscream could see through the darkness was Megatron's optics glowing back at him, narrowed and impatient.

"For that last time," Megatron rumbled, stepping into the light so Starscream could see him better, "if you want to run for the senate, on your helm be it, but I'm not-"

"Can I come in?" Starscream asked before Megatron could get into his 'repeating the mistakes of the past' speech- which Starscream had heard at least a dozen times already.

Megatron was surprised enough to fall silent, stepping back and giving Starscream just enough room to slip in.

"I didn't say yes." Megatron snapped, shutting the door behind them.

Starscream was already passing through doorways though, moving deeper into the abode.

Megatron's apartment was just as unkept as his, full of boxes of stuff that had no meaning anymore. Furniture was limited, like he'd forgotten he actually needed to buy it, and all in all the entire place spoke of a mech who didn't know how to decorate now that he finally had the opportunity too.

Starscream wished he'd barged into his home earlier, when he might have had a chance to return the next day with some paint and interior design sense.

"Starscream." Megatron was at the doorway, looking angry and defensive about his state of living, "What are you here for?"

Yesterday's Starscream would have been embarrassed to admit he was desperate for company and Megatron was the first mech to come to mind. He probably would have dodged the question and spent the afternoon bickering with Megatron until finally the older mech threatened to call the planetary guard and kicked him out.

Today's Starscream could very well be dead tomorrow, and didn't have the luxury of denial and petty arguments.

He crossed the room, feeling bolder than he ever had before, and kissed Megatron.

There was a lurch of hesitation from Megatron, but Starscream pressed on, reaching up and cupping his face to hold him in place.

Megatron's lips were parted and still against his, overwhelmed with confusion and shock, until Starscream tilted his helm and let his glossa slide across his full, lower lip, then with a rumble of approval Megatron was leaning into him, servos coming around his waist to hold him.

Starscream unshuttered his optics and watched Megatron's face as he was kissed back, feeling a buzz of delight at the little flush of colour there was under his optics. Starscream purred, stroking the back of his helm encouragingly.

Then they pulled apart, and Megatron's optics blinked back online, dim and hazy, struck with surprise. "Starscream." He said quietly.

Starscream didn't know where the berth was in this place -or if Megatron even had one yet and wasn't sleeping on the floor like a vagrant. He kissed Megatron again and took his servo, struggling to fit all four of Megatron's massive digits in his smaller grip. Megatron's thumb stroked across the back of his servo.

"I'm staying with you tonight." He said.

Megatron only looked more confused. He squeezed Starscream's servo, suspicious, "...Are... Are you alright?"

"Never better." Starscream smiled, and dragged him through another doorway, frustrated when that led him into an empty office. "*Where* is your berth?!"

Megatron made a choked noise of surprise, but lifted an arm and pointed. Starscream led him onwards, gripping his servo tightly until they were on the berth, and Megatron was on top of him, hesitation gone with a few skilled kisses and bold touches.

And Starscream was just thankful he'd had the time to fix this at least.

---

Starscream was still alive the next morning, which was a pleasant enough surprise. He ached all over though, and he wondered if that was a sign of dying, or if it just meant taking Megatron attentions had been more than a bit of a workout for his frame.

He was alone in the berth, the covers cooling beside him. He could hear noise in the next room, and told himself several times he was going to get up in a moment, as soon as the appeal of shoving his face in Megatron's pillow had dwindled.

Before long, footsteps carried into the room and the berth dipped with a new weight. Starscream cracked an optic online and saw Megatron's big arm reaching over him to place a fresh cube on the side table. Before it withdrew, unseen lips pressed a kiss to his shoulder vent.

"I'm awake." He grumbled.

Megatron grunted, unrepentant. "Good. Because you're going to explain a few things to me."

Starscream groaned and tried to drag the pillow over his head. He'd wanted his last moments to be peaceful and fun, not to spend them being interrogated by Megatron- who, knowing him, was only going to get upset with him if he told him the truth.

The covers were pulled away and the room was chilly. Starscream shivered and rolled towards the nearest heat source. Megatron.

"The senate is in session today." Megatron reminded him, talking as though Starscream hadn't just buried his face against his thigh. "You'll be late-"

"Who cares." Starscream mumbled.

"After weeks of having to hear about your stupid campaign, you suddenly *don't care* about politics anymore?"

Fingers pinched his wing playfully, and with a furious noise Starscream sat up glaring, gathering all the covers around him again to ward off the chill. Megatron was drinking his cube steadily, watching him with those intense, dark optics he'd watched him with last night.

Starscream grabbed his own cube and chugged it back, not really tasting it.

Megatron set a servo on it to slow him down. "What has gotten into you?"

The cube didn't last as long as Starscream had wanted it to. Before long he'd finished and had nothing to distract himself with. He looked down at the covers but Megatron's grip on his chin tilted his gaze back up again, forcing him to meet his optics.

Starscream felt a wave of sadness wash over him at how much he was starting to realise he actually *liked* Megatron.

"...I'm dying." He admitted.

---

That Megatron didn't even *believe him* spoke volumes about what sort of mech he was. Starscream didn't know how much time he had left to live, but he didn't want to spend it in a medcentre waiting room with a scowling Megatron, when instead he could have been in Megatron's berth with a... a probably *not* scowling Megatron.

"My medic isn't even stationed here." He protested for the hundredth time, slouched in an uncomfortable chair, resenting Megatron.

"No," Megatron agreed. "A better medic is."

Starscream snorted, glaring around at the other mechs waiting, pretty sure most of them had been Autobots. They were in an Autobot medcentre? Really? He'd never been so disgusted by Megatron.

"I'm not lying about this." He hissed. "Why would I lie about this? What could I possibly have to gain? My medic took scans-"

"Your medic sounds like an idiot." Megatron snapped, and glared at the wall with his arms crossed.

Starscream was suddenly then aware of how short tempered and grumpy Megatron was being, and wondered if it had less to do with him thinking he was lying, more to do with him being worried he might not be.

Awkwardly, he touched Megatron's folded arm, "Megatron... I-"

But he didn't get much more out before the door to the examination room was opening, and the medic stepped out, and Starscream nearly fell out of his chair.

Ratchet pointed at Megatron, "Emergency my aft. He looks fine!"

"He said he's dying." Megatron said back, standing and dragging Starscream with him.

Ratchet snorted sarcastically, waving for them to follow as he disappeared back into the examination room. "In my dreams..."

Starscream was shunted in ahead by Megatron against his wishes. Ratchet?! The Autobot devil doctor?!

"Best medic on the planet." Megatron bent and growled into his audial, then pushed him to sit on the examination table. "I don't have many favours to call in, so you'd better not be playing games with me."

Ratchet looked him up and down, arms folded, "So tell us Starscream, just how are you dying?"

Starscream told him, in detail, about the spark scan, the chamber obstruction, the 'nothing we can do' diagnosis.

But thanks to the fact that no one *ever* believed him, Ratchet had his assistants call the other medcentre. For proof. "I'll see it when I believe it." He glared.

Never known for haste, it took them over an hour to get hold of the scans Starscream's medic had taken. Megatron sat beside him the whole time, alternating between looking grumpy, pacing the room, arguing with the secretary drone, and squeezing Starscream's servo reassuringly.

Starscream even started to feel hope, because if anyone might be able to save him, it was Ratchet.

Finally, Ratchet reappeared, pokerface in place.

"Well?" Megatron's voice was hoarse. Starscream looked away. He didn't need to hear two terminal diagnosis in less than twenty four hours.

Ratchet sighed, which wasn't a good sign, and removed the hard copy of the scan. He held it up, and on it was the dark mark that was the obstruction. Ratchet pointed to the chamber on the scan, "Well, this is his spark chamber, and spark." Ratchet pointed.



Then moved his digit to point at the obstruction, "And this," he continued, "Is where that *hack* smeared an energon goodie on the scan-"

Starscream's helm snapped up just in time to see Ratchet wipe the dark spot away with his finger, his spark thunking.

"...What?"

"You're not dying." Ratchet rolled his optics, throwing the scan down, "Though you might shorten your lifespan considerably if you keep that idiot on as your medic."

"I'm not..."

Starscream couldn't even get his helm around the idea before Megatron's arms were around him in a crushing embrace. Starscream was squashed to his chest and heard him growl things like, "worry me" and "stupid seeker" and a lot of thanks to a god Starscream hadn't realised Megatron still believed in.

He clung back, out of instinct and a need for closeness. Megatron's chest warm and powerful against his cheek. His spark soared. He was going to live. He had *time*.

Arms squeezed around him again and he suddenly realised with greater clarity, optics sparking bright, that he was *going to live*.

And he'd just fragged Megatron.

Oh, Primus...

# Flexible

## Chapter Notes

This one-shot is a combination of two anon prompts.

One asking to see some of Starscream's impressive flexibility, another asking for Megatron to pay a little extra attention to Starscream's turbines.

Together they make for a lot of fun in the showers.

Seekers were lithe, supple and flexible frame-types and Megatron was never more aware of this than in the midst of battle, when he caught himself rooted to the spot, staring open mouthed as Starscream dropped from the sky and swung his heel into the side of some hapless Autobot's head.

He was vaguely conscious of the fact that if he didn't get his processor out of the gutter and start paying attention to all the carnage and battle going on around him, he was probably going to get axed in the head. He even heard someone yelling his name in a panic, followed by something being shot just meters behind him.

-but Starscream was still ground-bound and running, all grace and speed and determination, launching himself at another Autobot, catching them in a ridiculously showy over the top flying head-scissors move, locking his thighs around the Autobot's neck and using the momentum and weight of his frame to drag his opponent to the ground.

Starscream had had thousands of years worth of hand to hand combat training, Megatron had seen to it. So he *knew* Starscream knew his performative tactics were impractical.

Yet there he was, spinning and jumping and screwing around in the dust as he brought his opponents down, instead of just shooting them with his perfectly functional blaster.

Starscream got up from where he'd just snapped something's neck, a smear of energon streaked across his cheek (not his own) and caught Megatron's optics. His smile was somehow brighter, more dazzlingly for the dishevelment of his plating.

Megatron's knees felt weak.

There was not-so-subtle pressure on the backs of his legs, encouragement to keep moving. Blinking himself back to focus, and peered down and found Ravage butting him with his helm, tail flicking in irritation.

Megatron looked up and realised his entire faction had moved on without him.

He nodded an awkward thanks to Ravage and had to jog to catch up.

---

In the aftermath of battle, the wash-racks were packed to capacity with mech's desperate to rinse away the mud and grime and life-fluid of their fallen enemies. Megatron never had to worry about waiting his turn for a solvent nozzle, as he had his own private wash racks, though he had other things on his mind behind his visit that day, and they were far from getting clean.

The moment the helms of washing mech's lifted and noticed him, they began to shuffle out, some still dripping muddy water and other's covered in suds. They knew well enough to give him the room, whatever his reasons.

Megatron waited by the door as they left swiftly and efficiently, spying a pair of white wings towards the back of the wash racks. The one mech present *not* in any hurry to leave. Megatron stepped inside and ensured the door was closed and locked behind him before approaching Starscream.

He came to stand under the nozzle beside him, casually pressing the automatic timer and tilting his helm towards the warming stream.

"Don't you have your own shower?" Starscream glanced at him, arching a brow over his swaying wing, dismissively keeping his back to Megatron.

"It doesn't have quite the same *view*." Megatron responded, and after mere seconds of pretending to rinse, moved to step under Starscream's spray instead.

Starscream turned to face him, backing up against the wall to give him room. His solvent speckled helm tilted up towards the spray, his lip's parting when Megatron dipped to kiss him. It was slow and gentle and slippery with the solvent. Starscream searched for the controls blindly, wanting to turn it off, but Megatron brushed his servo aside.

"Leave it on." He murmured, pressing Starscream more securely against the wall, bringing his servos to his hips. "Don't want you getting dirty again, do we?"

Starscream shrugged, "Maybe I like being dirty when it's you who messes me up?"

Megatron would have to remember that sultry little lie next time Starscream hissed and swiped at him for getting transfluid on his wings. Now though, he rumbled approvingly and kissed him again, letting a servo wander and cup Starscream's shapely thigh to give it a squeeze. It lifted off the floor, bending at the knee, and Megatron hitched it up so it rested around his hip, and his codpiece could slot close to Starscream's groin.

They were both warm.

"I was watching you." He said.

"I know." Starscream stroked his hip with his thigh. "You were *drooling*."

"Not quite." Megatron lifted Starscream's leg even higher. Starscream shifted his footing to keep himself balanced, pressing a servo to Megatron's chest. "But you were certainly trying to make me."

"I don't know what you mean." Starscream muttered coyly, turning his helm to the side.

Megatron stroked his leg, then pulled it up and pushed it back, so Starscream's thigh was flush to his torso. Starscream huffed, unprepared for such an ambitious stretch, but Megatron had seen him cope with more. Starscream let his calf hang over Megatron's shoulder.

Megatron began to stroke his aft, letting his digits wander over the better exposed valve panel. "All that dancing about. Were you warming yourself up? For this, perhaps?"

"I was fighting." Starscream glared.

Megatron knocked their helm's closer and began rubbing at Starscream's valve panel until it popped up. "Liar." He growled, and pushed two fingers into him.

Starscream's helm thunked back against the tiled wall, almost slipping when the one leg keeping him upright nearly collapsed under him. Megatron leant against him and kept him pinned in place, working his fingers in and out of Starscream, the slickness of his mesh made wetter by the solvent running in streams down their frames.

"I'm going to frag you like this." Megatron told him, releasing his spike. "Since you like throwing your legs in the air so much-"

Starscream whined, nodding needily. Megatron felt him clench down on his fingers and decided that was enough. He had to hitch Starscream a little higher up the wall before he could line his spike up and rub the tip between Starscream's mesh. He pressed in and felt Starscream's thigh shudder against his front. He sighed, and Starscream grunted.

Soft, supple, flexible -all things a true seeker was.

Keeping Starscream's leg secure over his shoulder, Megatron let his free servos wander Starscream's frame as he began to frag him. Starscream and his wings knocked back against the wall with the rhythm of it, and he made soft little mewling noises when Megatron's spike brushed his node just right.

The little mewls turned into full blown cries when Megatron's thumb brushed over one of his turbines though. Interested, he did it again, rubbing a droplet of solvent away from the peaked tip in the middle of the fan blades. Starscream arched, pushing his chest out.

Megatron purred. He grabbed two generous handfuls of Starscream's chest turbines and began to massage, squeeze, stroke, watching how Starscream twitched and sighed and flushed. Sensitive then.

He dipped his helm and closed his mouth around Starscream's right turbine, sucking lightly on the tip, letting his glossa trace the outside edges. Starscream had a servo on the back of his helm, encouraging him on. "*Megatron*,"

Megatron could feel the clench and release of his valve becoming more frequent now, and knew he was close. He kept his mouth on his turbines, mouthing at in, breathing heavily into it, before extending his glossa and slipping it between the delicate fan blades.

Starscream overloaded then and there, lubricant mixing with the solvent so Megatron couldn't tell what was what. He continued regardless, fragging roughly, moving his mouth to the left turbine now and nipping at the tip, humming against it. Starscream was moaning louder, sensitive in the aftermath of his overload.

He fragged Starscream with firm, long savouring strokes before overloading, biting down on a turbine and making Starscream yelp as he growled and emptied his transfluid into him.

He finished with one last grunt, holding for a moment before pulling out. He kept Starscream's leg up by pinning it back so he could get a good look at the mess he'd made of his valve, soaked and dripping transfluid, gawping and clenching weakly.

Megatron purred and released his leg, letting it lower carefully.

Starscream was rubbing his turbine resentfully. "You bit me."

"You liked it."

Starscream snorted, and weakly began to turn so he could begin rinsing away the transfluid now tracking down his legs. "Only a little," he mumbled, but Megatron still heard.

Having done what he had come here to do, Megatron locked an arm around Starscream's chest and tugged him back to plant a quick, but rough kiss to the back of his neck. Starscream hissed and tried to shove him away, so Megatron released him.

And gave him a good hard smack goodbye.

"*Creep!*" Starscream squawked after him.

Megatron smirked. He couldn't wait till the next raid.

# Sparkling Weight

## Chapter Notes

Anon asked for 'thick' post-sparked TFA Starscream, and who am I to refuse?

Megatron had always thought of Starscream as a fine mech.

*Appearance wise*, that was. Narrow hips and long slender legs, a powerful chest and strong arms. Personality wise, he was a train-wreck, but at least the view more than made up for it.

And still Megatron thought him attractive when he was heavy and ballooning with too many sparklings who were too big for his frame-type, round and fertile and increasingly bad tempered. He had liked that, despite Starscream's frequent complaints.

But now, a full month after having had those sparklings, with their 'big heads' and 'broad shoulders' - which was both somehow Megatron's fault and Megatron's alone- the changes his frame had suffered through were still showing.

And he was still complaining because of it.

And (secretly) Megatron was *delighted*.

Although Starscream was no longer waddling around the Decepticon base with a beach ball waistline full of kicking sparklings, he had kept his new sturdier silhouette. His thighs were *thick*, his waist was *fuller*, his aft *wide*. He made for a very pleasant view indeed. Blitzwing, in an effort to preserve his own life, had reassured Starscream that things would return to normal eventually, that his protoform would spring back.

Megatron knew he was lying, and perhaps if he hadn't been in so much denial, Starscream would too.

Those thighs were here to stay.

"Stop pawing at me," Starscream muttered, clawed servos slapping at him. "Don't you know I'm tired. Sparklings are hard work-"

"I know," Megatron purred, soothing but lustful too. He pushed his face against the back of Starscream's helm, breathing his scent in- Starscream's natural musk and something newer, fresher, that 'new-carrier' smell. That fertile smell. He cleaved closer to Starscream's back, arms wrapping around his fuller middle.

There was a hint of softness to him now, like a cushion. Megatron liked that too.

"You're doing commendably." He praised, dropping his servo down to stroke Starscream's thighs, squeezing the thickness to them gently.

Self-conscious, Starscream squirmed and tried to shoulder him away with an annoyed noise, "Don't *do that*-"

"Don't touch you?"

"Don't draw attention to *it*." Starscream hissed, trying to kick him off now. "You're always grabbing at me-"

"Because there's more to grab."

Starscream made a furious noise, and realising his mistake, Megatron tightened his arms around him more securely, nipping and kissing at his neck to try and ward off the brewing tantrum. "You're magnificent," he said, "beautiful and strong-"

"You would say that."

Megatron exhaled against his neck, knowing it was going to take more than a few sexually charged compliments to bring up Starscream's confidence. And to think, there were days when he would have done anything to bring that ego down a notch.

"Lugnut can tend to the little ones," Megatron decided, and began to steer them in the direction of the rock hewn doorway that led towards the caves they used as berth rooms. "You said you were tired. Come to berth-"

"I know you won't let me sleep." Starscream glared.

"Maybe afterwards." Megatron purred, denying nothing and urging him along. His spike felt tight under his panel, and had done since Starscream had bent over to coo at their little ones that morning, aft in the air.

Just thinking about it was making Megatron's mouth water.

"Bend over." He ordered when they got to their berth and Starscream was still being awkward and fussy.

Starscream sat back on the berth, glaring, "Only if you stop staring at my aft."

Megatron wanted to roll his optics. He took Starscream by the hips, flipped him onto his front, and hitched him up, getting his knees under him. Starscream tried to kick him again, and flopped down onto his stomach.

Megatron growled.

"I've had enough of these unfounded insecurities of yours." Megatron told him, aroused and annoyed at the same time somehow. He took Starscream's hips and lifted them up again. "Aft *up*-"

"Megatron-"

Megatron held him in place until he stopped squirming. "There."

Starscream's wings were flicking with embarrassment. "I don't know why I let you do this to me."

"Because you enjoy it." Megatron told him, kneeling behind him and taking his aft in his servos, relishing the thickness of his frame. He stroked his aft and squeezed. Starscream yelped, and his panel sprang open.

Realising what he'd done, Starscream dropped his helm into the pillow with an embarrassed curse.

"I don't think you mind much at all," Megatron purred, using his thumbs to open Starscream up and

peer past the outer mesh of his clenching valve rim. He fingered him briefly, until Starscream's wings were twitching and shuddering, then let his codpiece open, shuffling forward to rub his spike housing against Starscream wet soft valve, coaxing his spike out and to it's full size.

Starscream made soft muffled noises into the pillow beneath him.

Spike hard, Megatron let it nose between Starscream's spread valve, rocking his hips until the tip slipped past the rim. Starscream stiffened but his valve seemed to open up, and Megatron was in with one long stroke. His hips tapping against Starscream's broad aft.

Megatron groaned, stroking down Starscream's hips, relishing the exaggerated hourglass his figure had become. Fragging Starscream like this was so much more enjoyable when there was a real aft to bounce and jiggle. He started up a pace and was mesmerised by it.

"Magnificent," he praised again, tensing his abdomen and just bucking his hips, fast and sharp. Rocking Starscream against the berth, and the berth against the cave wall.

Starscream whined again, thighs falling apart like he wanted Megatron deeper, wanted him more.

Megatron picked up the pace and moved with abandon, feeling it when Starscream whispered desperate muffled pleas and warnings that he was close, that he was going to overload, that he *was* overloading. Megatron felt the lubricant trickle down his thighs, heard it squelch wetly around his spike as he continued his fast pace.

Starscream was a sticky, jiggling, uncaring mess beneath him by the time overload came over Megatron. He grabbed Starscream's aft and squeezed harshly, watching ripples of motion carry through the protometal as he slammed his spike into Starscream one last time and overloaded with a roar.

A result of having produced sparklings together so recently, his spike shot thick, long pulses of nanite rich transfluid into Starscream's fluttering valve, wave after wave of it, heavy and viscous. There was enough that Megatron was sure Starscream's belly dropped a little lower, full of transfluid.

"It suits you." Megatron mumbled lazily, after all was said and done and his weight across Starscream's back made the seeker collapse. He relishing his soft, comforting frame under him, wrapping his arm's around it.

Starscream hummed, "What does, being a carrier?"

If Megatron's processor had switched back on after that processor-blowing frag he probably would have had the sense to agree.

But it hadn't.

Instead he snorted boisterously, and smacked Starscream's upturned cheek, "No, your fat aft."

He fully deserved the repercussions of that action.



# Knotting

## Chapter Notes

Sorry I've been gone a week. I avoided the internet for a week to ensure I wouldn't see any spoilers for the Bumblebee movie.

It was a very boring week for me. I'm glad to be back.

Also, the movie is great! Go see it!

Anyway, this one's for godofreincarnation who asked for a side of knotting with their heat request.

It was like coming storm.

Starscream could feel it; a change in his field, a warmth in his circuits, a pressure in the pits of his tanks.

"How much longer are we going to be stuck out here?" He snapped, glaring at the long pair of legs sticking out from under their broken-down shuttle.

There was deep sigh from beneath, echoing metallically, and a scratching noise as Megatron began to shuffle out, armour dragging across hard dry ground. "Until someone responds."

Starscream's optics flared, his temper even shorter as protocols clicked on and off, testing and resetting, getting him ready. "You mean you can't fix it?! We're *stuck* out here!?"

Megatron climbed to his pedes, armour dust and grease smeared from being under the engine. Starscream's olfactory crinkled. He backed away when Megatron threw out his arms to the surrounding drought ridden desert planet. "Do you *see* any spare hyperdrives around here?!"

With a furious noise, Starscream dealt a kick to the useless transport shuttle and climbed back inside.

Stuck *here*? With *Megatron*?! For how long?!

The shuttle was small, built to carry no more than ten mechs over a short distance. There was an open flight deck and two rows of seats and no privacy.

Starscream dropped into the copilot's seat and pressed his thighs together, pede tapping against the floor as his core temperature cranked itself up. The planet's already scorching sun didn't help. Waving a servo to generate some breeze, he glanced through the front viewport, towards the sky.

No signs of any rescuers yet.

There was a wobble then clang as Megatron hefted his huge frame back up into the shuttle, shoulder's squeezing through the door.

"Can't you wait outside?!" Starscream hissed, a pulse of warmth fluttering through his frame. He

started flapping his servo faster. "I don't want to look at you."

"Outside? In this heat?" Megatron snorted, clambering loudly towards him anyway.

Starscream twisted away and tried to wedge himself into the tightest corner of the flight deck, right up against the bulkhead, but Megatron still brushed by to take a seat in the captain's chair. Starscream could smell his commander; iron and engine grease and musky armour that probably needed a rinse with the solvent. Disgusting and masculine and Starscream took deep, long steadying breaths of it, finding himself relaxing, starting to calm down-

His spark pulse slowing...

His optics dimming...

Everything felt *wobbly*.

Oh wait, he thought vaguely. It was his submissive carrier protocols, they'd come online.

And they *liked* the smell of Megatron.

Starscream leant back in his seat and spread himself out a little, letting his limbs splay in an effort to expel as much growing warmth as possible. He could feel a dampness growing beneath his panel; increased lubricant production.

Before long he could smell himself too.

Megatron noticed, nostrils flaring as he sniffed. He turned in his seat, and he was so big it was almost too small for him, with his stature and... wide *strong* thighs. Starscream was liking the look of them more and more as the minutes passed.

The chair beside him creaked as Megatron shifted, and the rumble of Megatron's voice seemed to vibrate the entire shuttle when he spoke, "What is that smell...?"

"Hmm," Starscream felt dazed and faraway, and a little... *naughty*. He knew what Megatron was smelling, and there was no use hiding it. "It's me."

"It *is* you." Megatron's rumble transmuted into a pleasant little purr, chair creaking again as he rose.

Starscream was too hot and overwhelmed to really take stock of Megatron's approach.

Warm perfect servos were on his thighs and a nose was in his neck cables, breathing heavily. His frame recognised the presence of a suitable sire though, and the heat drenching his frame was rerouted with devastating speed to one specific part of his frame.

His valve throbbed.

He moaned, arching away from the chair and reaching for Megatron, wanting him close enough to rub his valve panel against his thigh. But Megatron's own frame was responding to a ovulating seeker in prime reproductive years. He was dragging Starscream out of the copilot's seat and guiding him towards the rows of seating in the main body of the shuttle.

Being an old outdated shuttle, there were springs poking out of the seating rows and the upholstery had been worn away in places. Not to mention the suspicious stains...

Too desperate to care, Starscream dropped back to them and presented himself, a servo on each knee, drawing his legs up and apart. His panel clicked open and the muggy, overheated air in the

shuttle did nothing to quell his buzzing sensors.

Megatron dropped down on top of him, falling between his legs. He was still dusty from the planet's atmosphere and he left smears across Starscream's armour with the engine grease still marring his digits. Starscream liked being marked though, and he surged into the touches, licked at Megatron's armour, ignoring the taste of ozone and gunpowder lingering in the unkept seams. It added a thrill even, he was excited at the idea of being taken and spiked and bred by such a rugged dishevelled mech.

Megatron had released his spike at some point, and Starscream could now feel it's thickened shaft rubbing against his exposed valve. He rolled with it, distantly noticing a strange bulge at it's base when it bumped his node. It was nearly double the girth of the rest of the spike. Megatron was an older mech though, so perhaps it was leftover hardware from some sort fad. He wasn't sure.

But he wanted it inside him, the whole thing.

He bucked his hips up to show he was ready, to encourage Megatron, and the hint was well received. Megatron draped his massive frame over him, heavy and masculine and vibrating with the rumble of his revving engine, and with fumbling, blind, rocking hips, he managed to find Starscream's valve with his spike, and pressed it.

Starscream hissed and sunk his claws into Megatron's back but it was exactly what he'd needed. He felt his toe pedes curl, his wings stiffen and flick. Megatron continued without question, the bulge of the base of his spike bumping the mesh around the rim of Starscream's valve on every stroke.

It was a nice, fast pace, hammering Starscream back against the seats and knocking the entire shuttle on it's rickety landing gear. Part of him wanted to roll over onto his knees and present himself properly, so Megatron could fill him better and deeper, but it turned out he didn't need to.

With a grunt, Megatron rose, his optics dim and near black with desire. He reached down for Starscream's valve and pulled the mesh apart with his thumbs, spreading him wider. Starscream laid back patiently, desperate to continue but knowing better than to disturb and bother the mech spiking him- *submissive*, his protocols reminded him. *Be good*.

He twitched and sighed and put up with the stretching and poking. Then Megatron was grinding into him, slowly working himself deeper, pushing that fat bulge into him.

Starscream squeaked, but kept still, his valve beginning to ache at the sudden new stretch.

Worse still was that the bulge seemed to start growing as soon as it was inside him, pulsing and thickening with every shove of Megatron's hips. He was hilt deep now with nowhere to go, once long strokes now limited to deep hard grinds.

And still the bulge grew. It grew and grew, and Starscream whined out loud, surprised at the intensity. Through the haze of heat he knew he was going to be feeling this for weeks, that his callipers might never be the same again, that this would *ruin* him- but it was too good not to keep going. Not to whine and mewl and do everything he could to encourage Megatron.

Another rough roll forwards and overload blew through Starscream, surprising him. The sudden gush of excess lubricant did little to aid the stretch and fullness of Megatron inside him. He felt slick and undone, split in two and drooling over it, unable to move it was so good.

Finally Megatron's hindered bucks came to a stop. He stiffened, snarled, then Starscream felt a rush of warmth and rightness. Megatron was overloading, long, thick streams of transfluid spilling into his

internals, washing over his sensors. Already so full, Starscream dropped a servo to his abdomen, sure he would be able to feel plating separate to make room for a bulge.

Above him, Megatron blinked slowly, grunting a little with a twitch when another burst of fluid spilled out of him.

Starscream moaned, wanting to roll away.

He couldn't.

He squirmed, only a little overridden with reproductive protocols now. Clarity was rushing back. The overwhelming heat, the unpleasantness of the old seat rows, and ache of straining valve mesh.

"Ow," he muttered, pushing at Megatron's chest to free himself.

Megatron growled at him through, and it was enough of a warning to subdue Starscream's movements. He made a soft submissive noise, protocols receding, but still there.

It seemed enough for Megatron.

The great warlord shifted, his knot pulling a little at Starscream soft sensitive valve. He twitched, but Megatron only settled down on top of him again, heavy weight almost overwhelming. Starscream set his chin on Megatron's shoulder, wondering how long this would last.

"Megatron?" He murmured.

There was a grunt.

"How long does this... how long will we be like this?"

Megatron didn't answer immediately, his bulge still rock hard and full in Starscream's valve.

"Hours." He finally answered.

Starscream glanced towards the flight deck, out through the view port. He swore he could hear the sound of approaching engines drifting in through the shuttle's open door.

Then shadows passed overhead, pedes dragged across the ground outside. There were voices, familiar ones.

"*Megatron, sir?*" Decepticons were calling, approaching the shuttle.

Starscream wriggled, enticing another angry noise from his possessive territorial warlord.

"How *many* hours?" Starscream whispered, face already igniting in preparation of mortification to come. As if it wasn't bad enough they had to be rescued by their own subordinates, now they were getting caught in the middle of a mating?!

With him on the bottom, no less. He was never living this down.

Megatron made a noncommittal noise in response.

Starscream glared, digging his claws into his back. "How *many*, Megatron?"

"As many as I deem necessary." Megatron huffed.

*Necessary* was *three hours*.

And Starscream really didn't see how that was *necessary*. And neither did the mechs who had been sent to aid them, who after a lot of flustered stuttering and hysterical noises over what what they'd stumbled upon, had then had to loiter around outside in the scorching sun until Megatron finally twitched and began to depressurise.

Starscream wasn't even sure he could close his panel afterwards. His swollen valve had lost all elasticity, gawping and loose. He remained draped across the horrid seats, frowning at the ceiling and endeavouring to ignore the nasty looks the Decepticons that had come to repair the shuttle kept flashing his way.

Later, one of them finally took pity enough on him to give him a cooling pad from a medkit. He wedged it between his legs and ignored the new wave of snickering it caused.

It was like they thought he'd *planned* for this to happen.

# Mystery Eggs

## Chapter Notes

For anon, who wanted Megatron not knowing what the frick an egg was.

At some point in the last twelve or so hours, Starscream had started his contractions. Which meant he'd also started snarling and cursing at anything that came anywhere near him.

Knowing they weren't on the best of terms as it was -and those odds weren't likely to improve seeing as he'd been the one to put Starscream in his current (painful) state- Megatron stayed well clear of him, leaving the medics and trine-mates to deal with the unpleasantness of the emergence.

He assured a (judgmental) Thundercracker -over the growing curses of an unhappy seeker- that he would return after the sparklings had emerged, and preferably, been cleaned and fed.

Thundercracker rolled his optics in obvious disrespect and stomped back into the medbay without a word.

Megatron would deal with such disrespect later.

But not yet, because he wasn't going back in *there* until it was safe to do so.

Now, it was quiet once more. Megatron strode down to the medbay to take a look at the heirs Starscream had bestowed upon him, hoping for a healthy mix of frame types, and of course, at least a few seekers.

There was a reason he'd chosen Starscream, after all.

He was pleasantly surprised to enter the medbay and find everything peaceful. No rushing medics and no audial piercing squalling of new-sparks with their creators's powerful vocaliser. Starscream was on one of the berths at the far end of the bay, and he looked well.

He was sitting up, legs folded under him, arms tucked around his cockpit.

Starscream heard his approach and looked up, then glared. "Oh, what do *you* want?"

"I'm here to meet my heirs." Megatron stuck his olfactory in the air and glanced around the near deserted medbay. "Where are they?"

Starscream arched a brow, then smirked. "They're not here yet."

Megatron felt his mood sink and impatience grow. "It's been hours." He growled. "You mean to tell me all that fuss last night was for nothing?"

"How would you know, you weren't there?"

"I *heard* plenty enough." Megatron sniffed. "You clearly aren't having contractions now." He peered at Starscream closely, and he could have sworn he looked a little trimmer than he had yesterday.

"Was it a false alarm? Or more attention seeking nonsense?"

Ignoring his jabs, Starscream sighed heavily and leant back, propping himself up on his forearms and looking up at Megatron. "Did you ever visit Vos? Before the war?"

Megatron didn't see what this had to do with anything.

"No. Now where have you sent the medics?" He peered around the privacy wall searching for them, wanting to call them in here to tell him what the pit was going on, and hopefully, have them induce Starscream so he could see his damn heirs already.

"Megatron," Starscream called his attention back, tapping lightly on the glass of his cockpit. "Come here."

Wondering if Starscream only wanted him close enough so he could do something unpleasant, Megatron moved around to the side of the berth, keeping a safe distance between him and his second's claws. They had grown thicker, gotten sharper with his carrying protocols.

There was a click as Starscream's cockpit unlatched, then leaning back more, he swung it open.

Presumably there was something Megatron was supposed to see. He leant forward, peering inside, and saw five brightly coloured... orbs.

He frowned. "What are those?"

Starscream's helm rolled back with a deep sigh, "They're your heirs."

Megatron snorted angrily, wondering again if this was some sort of trick. "Those are not sparklings."

"No, they're eggs, Megatron. *Eggs*." Starscream looked at him like he was being deliberately stupid. "They'll hatch in a few weeks."

Megatron was flabbergasted. "Eggs!?! Are you part turbo-chicken? This is a childish joke-"

"It's *not* a joke." Starscream glared. "They're seekers. Seekers need longer to develop. We're *vastly* superior beings-"

Megatron didn't know what to believe, but he was curious. Carefully he reached for Starscream's cockpit, where the colourful eggs were nestled in the seats against each other.

Starscream slapped his servo reproachfully. "Leave them alone."

"They're mine-"

"They're not yours yet. And they need to stay warm." Starscream said snottily, shutting his cockpit with a indignant snap and lock. Megatron could barely see them through the tint of the glass. "If you were a seeker, you'd be able to nest them yourself."

Megatron felt a wave of inadequacy pass over him when he glanced down at his own flat armoured chest. He didn't have a compartment to store away and safeguard eggs. The sparklings hadn't even arrived yet and somehow he was already failing as their sire ..

Starscream must have realised he'd managed to strike a nerve, and rather than snickering gleefully, his shoulders hunched up defensively.

"Well I'm sorry, but it's true."

Megatron wasn't so bothered about Starscream's opinion of him as he was his ability to be a good

sire. "And you won't let me touch them?"

Starscream looked aside, biting his lip. After a long pause the cockpit clicked open again.

"Be gentle." He muttered.

Megatron shifted to sit on the edge of the berth, reaching in. Starscream had some sort of heating mechanism inside the cockpit, making a tepid atmosphere for their unhatched little ones. Megatron could spy the faint glow of Starscream's spark shining through some of the cockpit's components too. No doubt the eggs could feel the warmth of their carrier in more ways than one.

He touched the nearest egg, and it was warmth with the life within.

"You'll be here when they hatch." Starscream said.

Megatron was about to open his mouth and say something about how he was busy and could be off base and there was no guarantee, but the look on Starscream's face implied that it wasn't a request. He *would* be there when they hatched, or there would be longstanding repercussions.

"Yes, Starscream." He agreed.

"Good, because I didn't appreciate you running off with your tail between your legs last night."

Megatron scowled, removing his servo so Starscream could reseal the cockpit. He laid his palm against the warm glass. "I had things to see you-"

"You took one look at me on that medical slab and turned green." Starscream arched a brow, parts amused and parts annoyed. "Thundercracker said you looked like you were about to faint."

Another reason to have a word with Thundercracker.

"I will endeavour to do better." He conceded. And to show he was serious, reached behind Starscream to clumsily plump up his pillow.

Starscream dropped back against it with a satisfied look. He laid his servo over the one Megatron had resting over his cockpit, a fond gesture that said for once, they were going to try and do something together...

...Even if Megatron had absolutely no idea what to do with an clutch of eggs.



# The Last One

## Chapter Notes

This last one's for trineleader, because they asked nicely

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In hindsight, the strangest part of it had been Starscream returning without a scratch.

It was so unusual for him. Megatron always assumed it more a lack of luck, rather than skill, that led to Starscream's frequent and unfortunate attraction to field injuries. If a grenade was thrown, a shot was fired, a building collapsed? The sound of destruction and disaster was *always* punctuated by a Starscream-shriek of pain.

So Megatron had expected things to run their usual course when Starscream reported ahead to inform him of a delay in his return due to 'trouble'.

'Trouble' was Starscream speak for 'someone was shooting at me again'. But when he appeared on their scopes his signature was calm, his readouts normal. Megatron met him at the airlocks, glancing through the glass at a seeker that *miraculously* still had all four limbs, plus wings, attached.

"Autobots?" He asked when the doors disengaged and Starscream stepped out of the decontamination chamber, little specks of bacterial killing chemicals still stuck to his plating.

"Smugglers." He snorted, meeting Megatron's optics, "Or at least, filthy enough to *look* like them. One of them *touched* me, disgusting..."

Megatron hummed, making a note of it. He'd need Soundwave to deploy another unit in that system. It was time to remind the galaxies ruffians that Decepticon territory was no safe haven for their nefarious business- most certainly not when they were bold enough to cause trouble for his second.

At least Starscream was still in one piece.

"The ship has been quiet in your absence," Megatron told him, unable to vocalise a true admission of yearning. Finding action easier, he stepped to Starscream's side, extending a servo to his weary traveller.

But Starscream waved him down, stepping to the side to avoid him, blinking tiredly and flicking a dismissive wave. "The progress report can wait." he grumbled, misunderstanding Megatron's less than professional intentions. "I require recharge."

Megatron watched him leave the hanger, Starscream's purposeful strut lacking somewhat in attitude. His wings were a few inches lower than he would normally hold them.

Concerned, but not enough to brave a tired and grumpy seeker that wanted to recharge, Megatron decided to leave it. He'd likely hear plenty detail about the 'trouble' Starscream had mentioned tomorrow, and perhaps by then his second would be in a good enough mood to entertain more than just a debrief.

Or as good a mood as anyone could *get* Starscream.

---

It struck in the night.

An emergency down in the air barracks. Skywarp teleporting between the Constructicon's quarters and the barracks fast enough to glitch poor Scrapper's optics with the blinding purple of his warp drive, disturbing half the airforce and then some.

And *still* Megatron wasn't woken for nearly a full hour after the drama had begun.

Megatron was all ready to unleash his fury on the entire gestalt and airforce for their inability to keep him informed over any and all emergencies than occurred on the ship-

-until he was stopped short in the emergency bay. His spark was struck with a sharp icy jab at the sight of Starscream in the middle of all the mess, jolting in the table like volts of electricity were being shot through his frame, his mouth open and optics staring blankly ahead.

"Starscream," Megatron's vents gushed air, chest collapsing emptily as he couldn't seem to take any back in.

The noise in the medbay had muffled to dull roar. Hook was yelling and pointing, and Starscream's convulsions worsened, his back arching, frame twisting itself into painful angles. It would have hurt, but Starscream's face showed no change. Optics sightless.

"-down!" Noise came back in a rush and he could hear what Hook was screaming. "Hold him down!"

Servos appeared to pin Starscream all over then and strap him down. A large pair clamped around his helm and angled it back, keeping it still. They were inserting tubes and syringes and peeling his armour away, his parts away. The invisible grip on Megatron's own throat prevented him from even asking what they were doing, from asking what was wrong-

"-shouldn't see this," Scavenger was guiding him backwards out of the room. "Hook needs the space to work..."

Megatron stared at Starscream the whole time, right up until the medbay door closed off the scene with a soft whoosh. And he was left outside in the corridor, alone and confused.

And frightened.

---

"He's awake."

Megatron's shoulder was shaken and he woke with a start, wincing at the painful crick in his neck cables from where he'd been recharging against the bulkhead for the last indecipherable few hours.

Long Haul was looking down at him, his servos wringing together nervously at having witnessed the seemingly forbidden sight of his leader so vulnerable- recharging on the floor like an unwanted vagrant.

"He's awake." Long Haul said again, "Starscream, you can see-"

Megatron was already up. He couldn't give much of a slag if he was *permitted* to see Starscream or not, he would do as he pleased. His ship. His second. He barged into the medbay with all the unnecessary bluster of a mech going into battle, but the scene had calmed considerably since last night. There was no shouting and rushing medics.

Just Starscream in a berth -still connected to an entire room full of equipment and looking rather sorry for himself- but awake.

Relief spread a smile across Megatron's face and he was beside Starscream's berth in an instant.

"Urgh," Starscream's vocaliser crackled with static. His optics were orange instead of red, and flickering weakly. He managed to return a wobbly smirk though, and that's what counted in Megatron's opinion. "Who let *you* in here?"

"I broke in." Megatron reassured him, touching the back of his servo, ignoring the fuel line running out of it and into a nearby machine. "You worried me."

"Unlikely." Starscream snorted softly. "You know I'm too stubborn to die."

Megatron felt a foreign tightness grow in his chest, near overwhelming him. He shuttered his optics, reset them and pulled himself back together again with a curt nod.

"Far too stubborn."

Starscream hummed, his digit twitching. Noticing, Megatron slipped his fingers into Starscream's. Starscream gave them a weak squeeze. They remained like that a while, in peaceful silence. Nothing more needing to be said. Starscream blinked slowly until his optics shuttered, and he drifted off into recharge again.

Megatron kept their servos together, reluctant to pull away.

Someone cleared their vocaliser.

Behind him Hook had manifested, and was looking haggard and rough from his own sleepless night. He held up a file, "Diagnosis."

"Which is?" Megatron responded curtly.

"Some sort of virus, not something I've seen before." Hook glanced at his work, frown puzzled. "Artificially designed, possibly."

"And what does that mean?"

"Might be harder to remove. But I wouldn't worry too much. Commander Starscream was strong enough to pull through it's attack. His own firewalls will be fighting it back now."

Megatron nodded, but a sense of... foreboding still lingered in the pits of his tanks. Yes, Starscream was better now, but Hook's puzzled exhausted face did nothing to curb that feeling. Very little was capable of stumping Hook.

"Divert all of your attentions to him." He ordered, "Starscream is your priority."

"Yes, sir."

---

Reluctant to leave his second's side, Megatron was fortunately present when the second attack came.

Or unfortunate.

Reading a brief on the ship's daily ongoing in his absence from the bridge, Megatron had been sat in his usual seat beside Starscream's berth, listening to the steady rhythm of his vents and ready for when he inevitably woke up to complain at or bicker with him about things he had no reasonable amount of power to change; like the smell of the medbay, or the texture of the berth sheets. Or the very fact that he was unwell in the first place.

He stopped reading when he noticed a sudden silence, and he couldn't place *why* it was so quiet until he glanced at Starscream.

And saw him lying stock still, optics wide, vents shut. *Not breathing.*

Megatron yelled and instinctively grabbed Starscream's shoulder to shake him, startle him into breathing again. The second he touched Starscream his optics rolled into the back of his helm, his head lolling as his frame went limp.

Like he was dead.

Megatron found himself against the bulkhead then, watching as his worst nightmare repeated itself. Starscream hidden from him by a mob of rushing medics, his spark numb, his throat too tight to speak.

It took them longer to stabilise Starscream the second time - "the virus is learning" Hook had said- and this time they'd had to lock him into stasis to stop the virus's attack, dampening and isolating his spark from his frame's infected hardware to protect it.

"We'll have to remove his spark," Hook told him, perhaps to reassure him of all the contingency plans they had in place. "Place it somewhere safe. Perhaps save what we can of his memory banks."

"Save what you can..." Megatron repeated numbly, not even looking at Hook.

"-a drastic solution." Hook continued. "But it's the most efficient way-"

"I don't care about efficiently!" Megatron bellowed, his emotional tether frayed enough to snap at the slightest provocation. "And I don't care about your contingency plans! I don't care what it takes- *fix him as he is.*"

"But-"

"I'll not have you lock him away in some box, waiting for a new frame off the factory line." Megatron pointed at him. "Removing his spark is the worst case scenario, and if you touch it without my permission-!"

"Speed is a crucial element in these situations," Hook argued back. "If there's another attack we can't afford to wait for your say so before acting! Starscream can't-"

"You won't have to wait. I'm not leaving his side." Megatron hissed, and plonked himself down into his berthside chair, ready to stand both guard and vigil.

He and Hook had a brief stare off, one he wasn't prepared to lose. Until finally-

"Purging a virus of this complexity and strength from a frame already riddled with it can take *years*," Hook said tensely. "We don't even know what it *is*! I'll have to go through every individual-"

"Then start now." Megatron snapped impatiently.

"Decades! I have other patients."

Megatron didn't even flinch. "We have other medics."

---

Starscream woke up slowly, his limbs and helm heavy and slow to respond, like he hadn't moved in some time. With a soft hum, he flickered his optics online. Everything was blurry, but he'd recognise Megatron's helm anywhere.

A smile drifted across his face.

"Hey-" his voice was weak and raw. He wondered when he'd last spoken.

"Starscream," Megatron replied, voice tinged with something uncharacteristically profound. His edges solidified and brightened. "How do you feel?"

A servo brushed over his helm and he blinked slowly, finally bringing his optics back into focus. But something still wasn't quite right. Megatron looked different, *older*...

"How long was I...?"

"A while," Megatron soothed gently, still stroking his helm, every touch careful but savouring. "I've missed you."

"You have?" Starscream was too tired to feel surprise. He lifted an arm, it was heavy and clumsy, but Megatron caught his servo in his own, guiding it with a gentle, reassuring squeeze.

"You must have been worried." Starscream whispered.

"Worried?" Megatron brought his servo to his mouth and kissed the digits, the plating around his optics creasing with emotion. "Unlikely."

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone who sent in their ideas! They were wonderful and I wished I could have used them all. I may add to this series in the future though, so keep an eye out.

# Sex Pollen

## Chapter Notes

No one even requested this but sometimes you just gotta write a sex pollen fic for your own self indulgence I guess.

Megatron is hit with the latest in weaponised aphrodisiacs and Starscream gives him more than just a helping hand.

The container landed in the sand beside Megatron with a dull thunk, and having expected an explosion, he released a deep breath of relief when it clicked and spewed gas instead.

His first mistake. It flooded his vents, muggy and thicker than air. He coughed, turning away and clearing the air with a wave of his arm, but something in it seemed to clog, to latch in his intake. For a brief paralysing moment he thought it was suffocating him, before the sensation evaporated, the thickness subsiding. He could breathe.

But that's all he could do. Heat settled over him, an internal flush that was more than just the relentless desert sun. He wanted to claw off his own armour. It was too heavy, too thick, too uncomfortable as he struggled to move away from the battle. His codpiece tightened with every stumble, his spike stiff and throbbing.

His comm pinged with a hail and he slapped it offline hastily, slipping down a sand dune and hopefully out of sight. He needed shelter, somewhere private and away. He needed to take care of this- whatever it was, before it became too much.

There was an empty village not so far away, it's inhabitants having fled at the first sound of gun shots. He made steady, weak progress and booted down the door to one of the tallest buildings, making an opening just large enough to crawl through.

Alone and scorching, covered in sand, listening to explosions and gun fire just over the dunes, he let his codpiece fold away with a pained moan. Too lightheaded to even see, he didn't think about it, following his instinctive need for relief as he touched himself.

In the distance the battle raged on. He heard the boom of a seeker breaking the sound barrier, and thought of white wings under his heavy hands, a devilish smirk, a sharp voice. He thought of Starscream and overloaded with a hiss.

---

In the aftermath Starscream left Soundwave to the clean up, he and his cassettes plucking loose pieces of their comrades out of the sand, from odd bolts to entire limbs. He hailed Megatron again, but the frequency was blocked.

"Coordinate the return to base." He ordered Soundwave, taking the lead in Megatron's absence.

"Lord Megatron?" Soundwave pointed out.

Starscream spied pede tracks in a nearby dune, slowly being eaten away by shifting sand. He narrowed his optics. "I will deal with Megatron." He reassured him.

The tracks carried over the dune, clumsy looking steps, stumbling steps. Injured possibly? Starscream couldn't find any trace of mech-fuel, but he kept medical on standby, just in case. The tracks led him towards a quaint little human settlement, little houses with foundations dug into the ground to keep them cool. He towered over most of them, but one reached his shoulder. One that was missing its doorway.

"Megatron?"

Something stirred inside. Armour against brick. Huffing vents. A powerful, rumbling engine.

He bent over and glanced through the doorway.

Yes, it was Megatron.

It was dark in the house, the windows casting few spotlights inside, but Starscream could see his leader's predicament well enough. He was huddled in the corner, shoulders heaving. Armour panels were flared and spread out to expel heat and dripping with condensed steam. He looked sicker than Starscream had ever seen him.

Starscream dropped into a highly undignified position in order to squeeze in after him.

"No."

Starscream paused mid shuffle at Megatron's demand.

"Don't come any closer."

And *that's* when Starscream saw the extent of his predicament. There was glistening silver fluid between Megatron's digits and leaking down his knuckles, catching the light when his fists clenched. Starscream was familiar enough with the substance. Transfluid.

Now, he was an intelligent mech, and the puzzle pieces slotted together easily. From the Autobots earlier boast of a 'new weapon', to Megatron fleeing from battle and hiding here, covered in cum.

He tutted, shaking his helm, "Aren't you a noble old fool." He purred, ignoring Megatron's warning huff and snarl as he shimmed the rest of the way in anyway.

Megatron's back thunked the wall as he shifted back. He closed his optics, clenched his jaw, breathed harsh and fast through his vents. "I can't-"

"Control it?" Starscream reached for Megatron's clenched fist. The pale silver of the fluid was stark against the black of his plating. "I can tell."

Megatron yanked his servo away harshly, shaking his helm. "You shouldn't touch me." His usual rumble was strained and weak. "Starscream."

Starscream shushed him, closing in anyway. The heat coming off him was phenomenal, and now in a better position, he could see Megatron's spike, so stiff and full it was curled towards his abdomen, the stripes of biolights running up and down the length throbbing an angry red. It must hurt.

"Starscream," Megatron snarled again, shuffling his legs.

"To think we were almost worried about you." Starscream admitted, only half teasing. "Disappearing like that? Why, I feared the worst."

Megatron huffed, and his spike twitched between his legs. Starscream watched a bead of transfluid bubble at the tip then drip down. Megatron's servos were clenching and unclenching on his knees, armour creaking with strain.

"You need the medbay." Starscream realised, blinking himself out of his trance. He lifted his comm, but his wrist was snatched half way there, the grip strong but shaky. Megatron's bright gaze met his, his mouth was open, lips wet.

"Wait." He wheezed.

"What happened to no touching?" Starscream plucked at Megatron's digits on his wrists.

Megatron was shaking his helm, listless and dizzy. He leant forwards, forwards until he was breathing all over Starscream neck, his steamy frame fogging the glass of his cockpit. "I need you."

"Don't you always."

"Desperately." Megatron almost, *almost* sounded like he was begging, and Starscream quite liked that. Megatron's face dropped to his shoulder, open mouthed, nose nuzzling. "I need you now, I want you-"

Starscream shushed him again, laying a servo atop Megatron's helmet. He glimpsed through the open doorway, checking for unwanted voyeurs. Megatron was already humming and mouthing at his throat, grabby hands on his hips, pulling him in, spike a searing heat where it bumped the taunt armour of Starscream's abdomen.

There was no one outside though. They were alone.

He still hadn't called the medics.

"The things I do for you." He hissed harshly, knocking Megatron's servos away and ignoring the desperate noise he made when he thought Starscream was leaving him. "I'm not going anywhere."

He settled down straddling Megatron's thighs, struggling for some finesse amongst Megatron's urgency. He let him settle his head against his shoulder, stroking the back of neck as he opened his panel and worked himself with his other hand, simple preparation before foreplay. He could only hope this wouldn't worsen the symptoms, and that a little relief would give Megatron clarity and control enough that he would rise under his own power, preserve a little dignity.

He touched his spike and Megatron snarled against his neck, teeth bared, hands clenching. The snarl softened into a low, rumbling groan as Starscream rose into position and wriggled himself down onto it, ignoring the pull of his callipers stretching for its thick girth. Megatron moaned like it was the best feeling in the world, digits flexing on Starscream's hips.

Starscream rose up and began riding him gently. Megatron pulled away from his neck, lips blindly searched for a kiss. Starscream caught his cheek and steered him into it, spark thrilling at ferocity of it, Megatron all snarling teeth and tongue, and Starscream gasps and hums.

They kept kissing, Megatron leaning forward until Starscream was on his back, lying down. Megatron lifted his hips and pulled his aft up into his lap. He kissed his chest, his cockpit. Starscream



squirmed, his vents fast enough to rival Megatron's now, his control of the pace gone. He threw his head back, neck open wide, gasping for air, as everything became too fast, too hot, too much.

Megatron was breathing his name, helm low, shoulders hunched where he was bowed, curling over Starscream, driving into him.

Megatron jabbed forwards and struck something deep within Starscream. He clenched with a gasp, vision turning white, drowning in delicious pleasure as charge shot from the ends of his digits to the tips of his toe pedes. He came back to himself when he heard his name in a choked sob, Megatron shoving forwards once, harsh enough to scoot him across the floor.

Then he stopped, weak and shuddering, optics clenched shut. Starscream felt him finish inside him, a twitch and trickle of warmth, and a soft breath of relief.

He purred, stroking Megatron's face with his thumb until weary optics blinked back online.

"Sorry." Megatron mumbled dazedly, and the pressure started increasing above him as Megatron stopped taking his own weight, until Starscream found himself squashed under twenty tonnes of warlord. "...Sorry."

Starscream patted his side, trying to get him to refocus. "Up. You need to get up."

Megatron mumbled something incoherent, optics shuttering, falling asleep.

"No," Starscream wriggled violently. "No, Megatron! Don't fall asleep!"

It was no use. Vents softened, the temperature began to drop, and Megatron was an unconscious dead weight on top of him. Starscream poked him, pinched him, slapped him, but nothing stirred him. The ordeal had taken too much out of him, and so, it seemed, had Starscream's attempt at a solution.

He lifted his comm link with a sigh. So much for trying to preserve Megatron's dignity, now they were *both* in for a humiliating ride back to base.

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